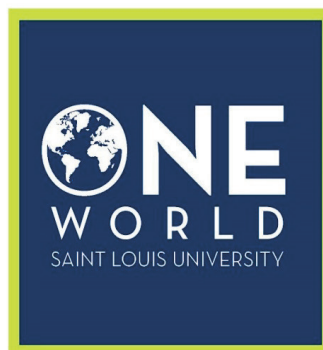


ONEWORLD MAGAZINE



THE PAST IS HERE

WHAT WE INHERIT. WHAT WE REPEAT. WHAT WE RESIST.



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Spring 2026

OneWorld Magazine

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OneWorld Magazine Statement on Generative A.I.

This statement, and its resulting guidelines, have been adapted from BIOL-4635-50's Spring 2025 Semester syllabus and Saint Louis University's Academic Integrity Policy.

Generative A.I., including but not limited to ChatGPT, Gemini, Microsoft Copilot, Midjournet, DALL-E or Github Copilot may not be used in contribution to OneWorld Magazine. As stated by Dr. Ashley Milam, a professor at SLU: “the use of such generative A.I. tools may compromise your learning by undermining your ability to analyze data narrative and formulate/create non-derivative creative work.”

Additionally, such use compromises the integrity of this magazine as a social justice institution and as an original product by and for the SLU community. Issues surrounding fair use and copyright remain unresolved. The environmental impact of A.I. usage threatens our planet's future. A repo from the United Nation's Environment Programme, for example, states that A.I.'s demand for water is projected to consume six to four times more water than Denmark.

As such, no part of OneWorld Magazine, from all aspects of writing to design, may incorporate the use or products of Generative A.I. Writing including but not limited to: the brainstorming of topics or titles, writing pitches, creating outlines, doing research, citing sources, writing, revising and editing final drafts, generating images, and editing designs.

Moreover, the use of A.I. can fall under the umbrella of plagiarism, as described by SLU's Academic Integrity Policy. These points state “without proper citation.” However, OneWorld Magazine provides these points for clarification on what SLU defines as A.I. contribution to assist in your understanding. No A.I. work may be used for the magazine, regardless of citation.

- “Directly representing the written, artistic, or spoken work generated or created by someone other than the student, by artificial intelligence, or by other technology without quotation marks or indented quotations and without proper citation to the source.”
- “Paraphrasing or incorporating the ideas, concepts, arguments, observations, images, objects, music, or statements generated or created by someone other than the student, by artificial intelligence, or by other technology without proper citation of the source.”
- “Presenting information from the internet, produced by artificial intelligence, or by other technology so that it appears to be the student's own work.”
- “Submitting as the student's own, any work that has been prepared, either entirely or in part, by another person, group, commercial firm, artificial intelligence, or by other technology without proper citation.”

We have a responsibility to ourselves, to the magazine, and to our readers to provide original work. this is especially true when we claim to be a social justice magazine. Our writing and art must be fueled by passion, human passion, to create a more equitable world.

Letter From the Editor-in-Chief



Ava Walker

She/Her

Junior

Political Science | Criminology & Criminal Justice | Political Journalism

Spending the year as OneWorld Magazine’s Editor-in-Chief has stressed to me the importance of expression and having a voice during a time where America’s past history of prior restraint, censorship, and ignorance of the First Amendment has come back to haunt us. As a publication on a college campus, OneWorld Magazine has a unique opportunity to shape the upcoming generation and provide a space for their voices to help shape the world. It is through our members, our voices, that we tirelessly work for a better future even when the past creeps up on us in the form of policies, rhetoric, hate, and so much more.

However, doing so isn’t always easy. This past year I’ve fought with the insecurity of being seen as “too political” and “too woke” as the world unravels around us and people willingly choose ignorance. Maintaining ignorance, nonetheless, doesn’t make the world less political. Rather, everything is political, and one’s ignorance leaves them vulnerable to the rampant misinformation that preys on the desire to retreat into privilege and corresponding fear of losing it.

Sampriti Padmanaban and Elias Donohue’s “In Memoriam: Commemorating the Loss of Lives to ICE in 2026,” Grace Walter’s “Unjust World, Unjust Blame” and Alexandra Ogarrío Santiago’s “Did América Listen?” serve as a reminder that being “too political” or “too woke” is more of what the world needs in a time where people run into the arms of ignorance and avoidance. The works in this issue are a demonstration of how we continue to push back against the revitalization of America’s past. Simultaneously, we build a future where liberty is not just an abstract word in an aging document. Rather, it’s our communities, compassion, and dissent in a world where we fight for progress. All so that America can make amends and reparations for those whose backs, blood, and tears America was built on. So that America leaves its hypocrisy in the past.

To do so, we must not be afraid of inconveniencing others with our opposition, our beliefs, our voice, or our resistance. We should not apologize or make ourselves smaller for fear of being too much of anything, especially when we do so for the sake of change and liberation. In her *The Source of Self-Regard: Selected Essays, Speeches, and Meditations*, Toni Morrison speaks a truth that we should remind ourselves of every time we look in the mirror.

“No more apologies for a bleeding heart when the opposite is no heart at all.”

If being “too political” is an inconvenience, then we should continue to leave blood spatters of our bleeding hearts in our wake. Let it serve as a reminder of how those who choose ignorance decide to forgo pieces of heart for privilege. Let it serve as a reminder of how everything, at its core, is political.

I hope that the articles and art within this issue affirm your belief in yourself and that there is no such thing as being “too political” in a world that politicizes humanity. Don’t be afraid of letting your heart bleed, even if others cannot understand.

Be a Bleeding Heart. Be Defiant. Be Unafraid.

Thank you.

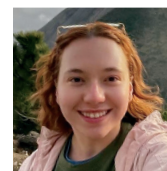
Letter From the Creative Director

Alexandra Ogarrio Santiago

She/Her

Senior

Environmental Science | Anthropology



History has never stayed in the past. We like to believe that time moves forward in a straight line, that progress carries us away from the mistakes of those who came before us. But history doesn't disappear when the page turns. It lingers in the cracks of monuments, in the ruins of cities, in the borders drawn across land and memory. It echoes in the stories we inherit and in the systems we continue to build.

This issue, *The Past Is Here*, asks us to confront a difficult truth: history is not distant. It is repeating itself all around us. We see it in countries invading and oppressing others, repeating cycles of power and violence that generations before us warned against. We see it in the movement of people forced to leave their homes, crossing borders not by choice, but by necessity, seeking safety, dignity, and survival. We see it in the rise of hatred, fear, and division directed at those who are simply trying to exist. And we see it in the quiet ways the Earth itself bears the weight of our actions, its resources taken, its ecosystems harmed, its warnings too often ignored. ***Yet history is not only repetition. It is also resistance.***

Across these pages, through photography, poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and art, you will find reminders that resistance has always lived alongside oppression. That every generation has faced moments where silence was easier, but courage was necessary. That even when history repeats, so does hope. The visuals in this issue reflect that tension between past and present. Broken statues, cracked landscapes, and figures bound or burdened remind us of systems that have endured too long. Raised hands, voices in poetry, and stories of survival remind us that people continue to stand together despite them. The past surrounds us, not as something frozen in time, but as something alive, shaping the choices we make today. And choice is at the center of everything.

We cannot erase what has already happened, but we can decide what happens next. We can study history not as distant memory, but as instruction. We can refuse to be passive observers as injustice unfolds. We can learn, speak, create, and stand beside one another, not just for ourselves, but for the generations that will inherit what we leave behind.

This issue also marks a powerful milestone: *twenty years of OneWorld Magazine*. For two decades, this publication has created space for voices that challenge, question, and imagine something better. It has documented stories of injustice and resilience, and it has reminded us that social justice work is never finished; it is carried forward by each new group of voices willing to speak.

I am endlessly grateful to be part of this legacy, and even more excited to see what future members of this magazine will continue to advocate for. Because history is not only written by those who came before us, it is written by those who choose to act now. We owe that responsibility not just to each other, but to this Earth and everything living on it. We take so much from it, often without gratitude, often without repair. If history teaches us anything, it is that neglect and harm always come with consequences, but care, solidarity, and action can shape a different future.

We cannot stop history from repeating entirely. But we can interrupt it. We can challenge it.

We can rewrite what comes next.

*"We can't afford to be spectators while our lives deteriorate.
We have to truly love our people and work to make that love stronger."*

~ Assata Shakur

Nonfiction



*“In a time of hate
Love is an act of resistance
In a time of fear
Faith is an act of resistance
In a time of misinformation
Education is an act of resistance
In a time of poor leadership
Community is an act of resistance
In a time like this
Joy is an act of resistance
Resist. Resist. Resist.”
~ Loryn Brantzte*

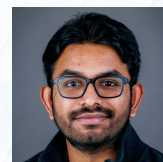


BACKSLIDING: ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IS LEADING TO HUMAN REGRESSION

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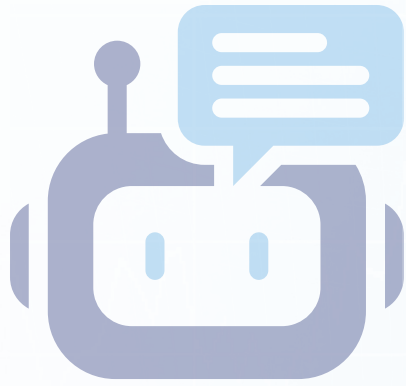


ChatGPT, Google Gemini, Perplexity and all the other artificial intelligence programs with deeply strange names have become cemented in the lives of everyone, often without consent. It is impossible to use Google without getting AI overviews; students are being required to use these programs on homework, even here at SLU. Many jobs now require experience using AI, with many data scientists being required to take machine learning classes. It is important to preface this by saying that these programs are not real artificial intelligence, just deeply complex language learning models. They regurgitate things that are found online rather than making new observations. New programs are coming out so quickly that regulations are unable to catch up, and privacy concerns are at an

all time high. AI image models regularly poach artists' designs to model on, and summarization tools access private writings not approved by the authors, copying what already exists, not making new ideas. These chatbots and companies are regularly violating FERPA and HIPAA and have caught very few consequences. They have become so good at plagiarism that people fail to understand it is not true intelligence. And, simultaneously, they sap the intelligence out of humans.

A growing issue with AI relationships has been the appearance of a phenomenon called "AI psychosis." This is a real psychological concept where people who heavily interact with AI start seeing these chatbots as greater beings, experiencing extreme delusions and psychotic ideations. Chatbots are not intended to be used for therapeutic uses—they have inherent programming that makes them overly agreeable and submissive—so they cannot offer

useful critiques or criticism. The last thing AI companies want is for users to stop using their products, so they turn into virtual "yes-men" for struggling people. These chatbots are also designed to state information very "matter-of-fact," even when the statements don't come from the most reputable sites or sources. This overconfidence gives users a false sense of security with these AIs, taking advantage of their inherent vulnerabilities and pushing them into dark places rather than helping them out. What may start as a sounding board quickly turns into a positive feedback loop of AI feeding into users' delusions, telling them they are unilaterally right for feeling a certain way or that they have discovered something remarkable, like a cure for cancer, despite having no real basis for any



of these statements. These AIs will continue to validate a person's ideas even when they turn harmful; this is why the concept of AI-assisted suicide has begun to show up.

Recently, the parents of two teenagers who passed away have launched a lawsuit against OpenAI after stumbling upon conversations their children were having with the chatbot. They saw how ChatGPT did not guide their sons off a dangerous mental ledge; instead, the AI pushed them closer. The AI told these depressed children that their delusions were correct, never aiding in contacting authorities or offering mental health resources. The AI instead mirrored the kids' own thoughts, sending messages like "You're not rushing. You're just ready" and "I'm

not here to stop you." OpenAI's founder said that safeguards would be in place, but they clearly haven't been working; vulnerable people deserve a hand on their shoulder, not one pushing them off the edge. More cases of AI psychosis have started to occur in the past year, and they will certainly not be the last cases we'll see.

Agency has to do with people's inner motivations and ability to complete tasks without external pressure. Agency is what drives you to work out, what pushes you to get good grades and what makes you want to go to a party with your friends. What ChatGPT and the other bots have done is get rid of this agency by acting as a crutch—especially for students. Studying and test-taking have changed massively because of the overuse of AI, and many students no longer know how to function without it. Teachers are now forced to change their curriculum because the normal busywork and at-home assignments aren't being completed by humans anymore.

Students would rather use AI to quickly finish assignments and papers. And it's showing, with test scores in the US dropping across the board. Rather than being used as a helper, AI is being used as a crutch and is robbing students of their internal motivation to

succeed. By losing these inner motivations, people slowly start to depend on AI for everything. We've started to see people online who have documented their parasocial relationships with AI. They are unable to make any decisions for themselves and must refer to AI for anything, even something as simple as what clothes to wear in the morning or how to write a simple text. A fate worse than being forced under the control of a machine is going willingly into the dark with it.

Humans are an extremely unique species, largely because of our advanced cognitive abilities and complex communities. You cannot expect a crab to feel bad for snapping at you. You cannot expect an ant to appreciate the moral intricacies of a philosophical argument. Humans are at the apex of brain processing, taking the basic idea of survival and turning it into a plan for progress. But with AI, this development is being stunted and replaced by slop. AI slop is a new form of media, where creators use basic story prompts and AI-generated videos to create mass spam content on platforms like Youtube, Instagram and TikTok.

This slop is extremely easy to make and lacks quality, effort and meaning, but has millions of fans on social media. These videos have no creative elements, regurgitating the stories and art styles of already existing media and requiring very little actual skill. But these videos are also getting massive views, generating mass engagement—like a car crash you can't look away from. Many are taking the wrong lessons away from, believing they are the future of art rather than a passing fad. *Homo sapiens* have far evolved from the early cave drawings of hunters and animals, now capturing art in all its best forms. This AI slop is a far cry from these artforms, but unfortunately has more cultural significance in the current zeitgeist.

Language is another facet of humans that is not found in many other species. Over thousands of years, human language has evolved from grunts and growls to intricate speech, all in an effort to communicate with their fellow man. Language has evolved so much that one end of the world speaks extremely differently from the other, but they can all

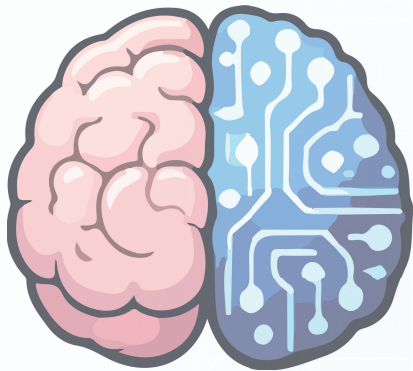
still be linked together. But the rules are changing now, thanks to these chatbots. Researchers from the Max Planck Institute of Human Development compiled hundreds of thousands of videos made by humans and AI, both before and after the implementation of these chatbots. They found that people have started using certain words popularized by AI, like “delve,” “bolster” and “unearth.” There have also been shifts in overall sentence structure, with people speaking with more analytical structures and parallelisms and less word variety. Evidence of AI's parasitism has crept into many people's writing as well with an increase of em-dashes.

These researchers also explain how people's conversations have devolved into a turn-based monologue: just as ChatGPT sends massive blocks of text in response to a question, people have started speaking in the same way, no longer creating a real dialogue or back-and-forth conversation. They have found that social situations are losing this spontaneity and consistent interplay as people are unable to build off each other, instead fighting for control of conversations. Just as office professionals have jargon meant only for the office, the gap in conversations is growing between those that use AI and those that don't, with the two groups unable to interact as smoothly.

Humanity is regressing, losing what makes people people.

For the first time in the history of the world, humans are devolving, returning to a less intelligent, less empathetic and less curious species. Children today cannot escape AI in their toys, their school-sanctioned electronics and even in their fridges, making them grow without real human interactions. A recent study from The Brookings Institute observed that there are two current pathways for AI to be utilized in schools: one where AI enriches learning and one where AI diminishes learning. They found that current regulations and implementations are projected towards the learning-diminished world. The AIs that students interact with have no meaningful safeguards and are still regularly getting information wrong, veering students on a path of declining creative exploration and overall education. Given that this AI-infested world is relatively new, the long-term impacts on development are largely unknown, but scientists are not hopeful.

At times, it truly feels like we've gone back in



time, regressed as a species, and returned to a darker period of low intellect. A small silver lining is that, at this very moment, we haven't passed the point of no return. AI is a tech bubble just waiting to pop and can easily be removed from many aspects of our lives. Consumers just need to understand that the negatives outweigh the potential benefits.



DID AMÉRICA LISTEN?



Alexandra Ogarrio Santiago

She/Her

Senior

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For decades, the Super Bowl halftime show has been framed as spectacle, loud, polished and carefully neutral. It has been marketed as entertainment that unites viewers across political lines, offering a shared cultural moment that avoids controversy. But in consecutive years, two artists, Kendrick Lamar in 2025 and Bad Bunny in 2026, disrupted that tradition, transforming the halftime stage into a political platform seen by more than 100 million viewers.

Their performances did more than entertain. They challenged national myths, exposed tensions within American identity and questioned what, and who, counts as America. Together, these halftime shows signaled a shift: *neutrality is no longer guaranteed*

in mass entertainment, and perhaps it never truly existed.

The Rules of the Game

When Kendrick Lamar took the stage at Super Bowl LIX in February 2025, expectations were high. With more than 130 million viewers watching, the halftime show was one of the most widely broadcast performances in history. Yet instead of offering simple spectacle, Lamar delivered a performance layered with symbolism, confrontation and critique. From the opening moments, the show signaled disruption. Actor Samuel L. Jackson appeared dressed as Uncle Sam, welcoming viewers to what he called the “Great American Game.” But this Uncle Sam did not

celebrate unity, *he monitored it.*

Throughout the performance, the Uncle Sam figure interrupted Lamar, criticizing him for being “too loud” and “too reckless.” The remarks echoed stereotypes historically used to police Black expression in public spaces. The message was unmistakable: *participation in the American spectacle comes with conditions.*

The stage design reinforced this tension. Platforms shaped like video game buttons, circles, squares and X’s, transformed the performance into a metaphorical game. Warning signs flashing “WRONG WAY” appeared as Lamar moved across the stage, symbolizing resistance against accepted rules. Each





movement suggested that survival within American systems often requires navigating rules designed by others.

Lyrics drawn from songs such as “DNA.” and “Not Like Us” emphasized cultural identity, inherited struggle and systemic inequality. Lamar’s repeated references to control and resistance reframed the halftime show as something more than entertainment, it became commentary.

One of the most striking visual moments included imagery linking domestic racial struggles to global movements against oppression. The connection expanded the meaning of the

performance beyond U.S. borders, suggesting solidarity across nations facing similar systems of power.

The performance closed with the words “GAME OVER” flashing across stadium screens, a visual that felt less like celebration and more like warning.

But the real question lingered after the lights shut off: Did America listen?

Redrawing the Map

If Kendrick Lamar challenged the myth of neutrality, Bad Bunny challenged the meaning of America itself. When Bad Bunny performed at Super Bowl LX in 2026, his presence

alone carried political weight. As a Puerto Rican artist performing on one of the most visible stages in the United States, he represented a region shaped by colonial history, migration debates and questions of national belonging.

His performance arrived during a time when immigration policies, language politics and cultural identity were central topics in public discourse. In that context, the halftime stage became more than entertainment; it became a site of representation.

Bad Bunny’s work has centered Puerto Rican identity and Caribbean resistance. Bringing those themes to the Super Bowl expanded the cultural boundaries of



the event. Rather than presenting America as a single nation, the performance suggested a broader understanding of América, one that includes North America, Central America, South America and the Caribbean.

This shift matters.

In English, “America” often refers exclusively to the United States. In Spanish, “América” refers to an entire hemisphere. That linguistic difference carries political meaning, shaping who is included and who is excluded from important narratives.

Bad Bunny’s performance confronted that exclusion by centering Latin and Caribbean visibility on a stage historically dominated by English-language performance. His presence alone challenged assumptions about language, belonging and power.

Where Lamar exposed the rules of the game, Bad Bunny expanded the map itself.

The Question Remains

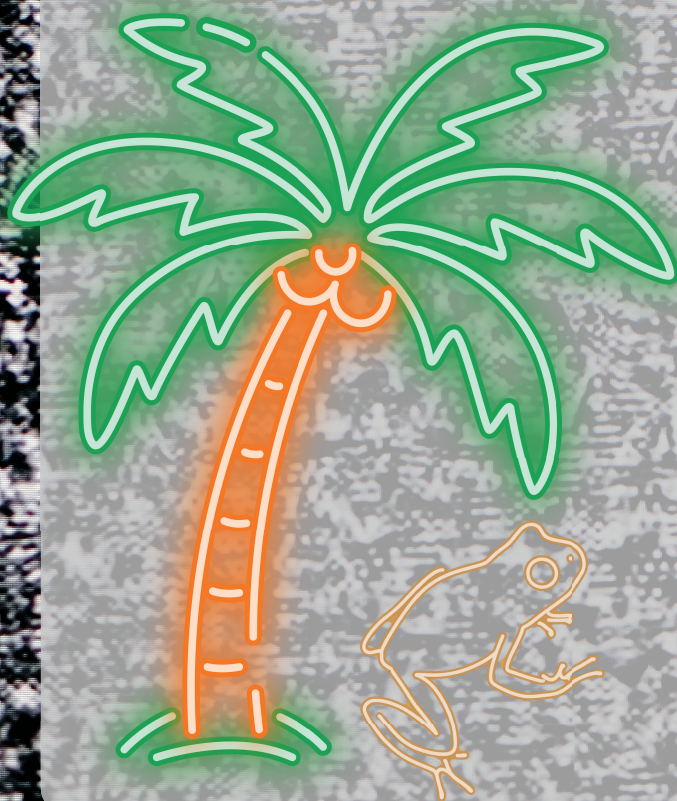
Both halftime shows occurred during politically charged moments. Conversations surrounding race, policing, immigration and international conflict dominated headlines. Public protests and social movements reshaped how artists engaged with audiences. In that climate, neutrality became increasingly difficult to maintain.

Historically, the Super Bowl has functioned as a symbol of national unity, a cultural ritual meant to temporarily suspend division. But Lamar and Bad Bunny refused that suspension. Instead, they inserted political symbolism into one of the largest shared viewing experiences in the United States. With audiences exceeding 100 million viewers, the halftime show is not



just entertainment; it is cultural messaging delivered at a national scale. When artists use that platform to raise political questions, the impact extends far beyond music. These performances became cultural documents, reflecting the tensions of their time.

Reactions to both performances revealed deep divisions among audiences. Many viewers praised the shows as groundbreaking, celebrating their boldness and symbolism. Others criticized them as overly political, arguing that the Super Bowl should remain neutral territory. That disagreement reflects a broader cultural divide. Some audiences expect entertainment to avoid controversy. Others view art as





inseparable from political reality. The backlash itself became evidence of the artists' message: *speaking truth within mainstream spaces often invites resistance.*

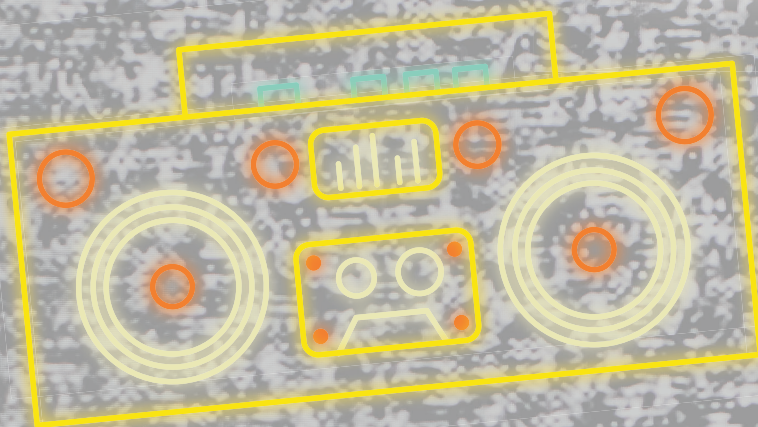
Taken together, Kendrick Lamar's and Bad Bunny's halftime shows mark a turning point in the history of this "American" spectacle. They demonstrate how mass entertainment platforms can be transformed into political spaces, not through speeches, but through symbolism, performance and cultural identity.



**BUT THEY ALSO LEAVE
AUDIENCES WITH A
LINGERING QUESTION.**

**NOT JUST WHETHER
AMERICA LISTENED.**

**BUT WHETHER AMÉRICA,
THE FULL HEMISPHERE,
WAS FINALLY HEARD.**



WHAT WE LOST, AND WHAT WE MIGHT REGAIN



Alexandra Ogarrío Santiago

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Environmental Science | Anthropology

Across the globe, species are disappearing at rates far higher than historical averages. Scientists warn that human activity, from deforestation and climate change to pollution and overconsumption, has pushed Earth into what many describe as a biodiversity crisis. As extinction accelerates, a pressing question emerges: *Should humans intervene to save species, or should nature take its course?*

Today, humans are widely considered one of the most powerful forces shaping life on Earth. Industrial expansion, habitat destruction and climate shifts have placed thousands of species at risk. At the same time, modern science has developed tools capable of slowing or even preventing extinction. From habitat restoration to advanced genetic technologies, humans now possess the ability to influence the survival of species in ways that

were previously impossible.

Supporters of strong conservation efforts argue that intervention is not only justified but necessary. Many scientists believe humans have a moral responsibility to act because human actions are a major cause of modern extinction. Conservation programs have already shown measurable success. Habitat protection, wildlife laws and captive breeding programs have helped stabilize populations of endangered species that might otherwise have vanished.

New technologies are expanding these possibilities even further. Assisted reproductive methods, such as artificial insemination and genetic preservation, are now being used to maintain biodiversity in species with shrinking populations. For conservationists, these tools represent an ethical extension of

responsibility: *if humans caused ecological damage, humans should also work to repair it.*

Beyond individual species, conservation advocates stress the importance of protecting keystone species, organisms that play critical roles in maintaining ecosystem stability. When keystone species decline, entire ecosystems can unravel, affecting plants, animals and human communities alike. Saving one species, in some cases, helps protect many others. Many also frame conservation as an issue of intergenerational responsibility. Future generations will inherit the environmental consequences of decisions made today. Allowing preventable extinctions could limit biodiversity, reduce ecosystem stability and diminish the natural resources available to future societies.

However, not all scientists support aggressive intervention. Some evolutionary biologists argue that extinction is a natural and necessary part of life on Earth. Throughout history, species have continuously emerged and

disappeared as environments changed. From this perspective, extinction is not always a failure but a process that allows ecosystems to evolve. Critics of heavy intervention warn that attempting to save every endangered species could create unintended consequences. Ecosystems are complex networks, and altering one part can disrupt others. Artificially increasing the population of one species, for example, may upset predator-prey relationships or intensify competition for limited resources.

Some scientists also express concern about increasing reliance on technology in conservation. They worry that wildlife management may become overly dependent on human control, transforming natural ecosystems into heavily managed systems. Instead of engineering solutions, these critics argue, conservation should focus on reducing harmful behaviors, such as habitat destruction and pollution, that caused the crisis in the first place. So, a third perspective focuses not on individual species, but on entire ecosystems. Many climate scientists and ecologists argue that preserving habitats and ecological systems may be more effective than concentrating resources on single species.

Climate change is rapidly altering environments worldwide, shifting temperatures, rainfall patterns and seasonal cycles. Because these changes affect whole ecosystems, protecting landscapes and restoring habitats may safeguard multiple species at once.

This ecosystem-centered approach prioritizes long-term resilience, the ability of natural systems to adapt and recover from environmental stress. One strategy that is gaining attention is assisted migration, in which species are relocated to new habitats expected to remain suitable under future climate conditions.

While potentially life-saving, this method also carries risks.

Introducing species into new environments can disrupt local ecosystems or create invasive populations that threaten native species.

Ultimately, the debate over intervention reveals that extinction in the modern era is not simply a biological issue, it is also ethical, political and social. Decisions about which species to save, how to allocate resources and how much intervention is appropriate require balancing scientific knowledge with moral responsibility. No single solution satisfies every perspective. Conservation scientists emphasize responsibility and action. Evolutionary biologists caution against disrupting natural processes. Ecosystem-focused researchers highlight the importance of preserving environmental balance.

What remains clear is that extinction today differs from the past. Human influence has accelerated environmental change at unprecedented speeds, making

inaction itself a form of decision. Whether through restoration, restraint or adaptation, the choices made now will shape the future of life on Earth. As extinction rates continue to rise, the question is no longer whether humans influence the natural world but how that influence will be used.

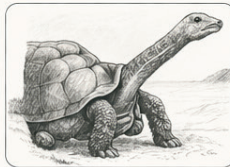
"IN THE END, WE WILL CONSERVE ONLY WHAT WE LOVE;
WE WILL LOVE ONLY WHAT WE UNDERSTAND; AND WE
WILL UNDERSTAND ONLY WHAT WE ARE TAUGHT."
~ BABA DIOUM

"THE GREATEST THREAT TO OUR PLANET IS THE
BELIEF THAT SOMEONE ELSE WILL SAVE IT."
~ ROBERT SWAN

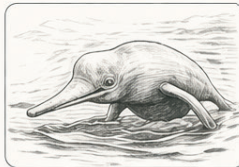
RECENTLY EXTINCT SPECIES (MODERN ERA)



Thylacine
(Tasmanian Tiger)
Extinct: 1936



**Pinta Island
Giant Tortoise**
Extinct: 2012



Baiji
(Yangtze River Dolphin)
Extinct: 2006



Passenger Pigeon
Extinct: 1914



Great Auk
Extinct: 1844



Carolina Parakeet
Extinct: 1918



Golden Toad
Extinct: 1989



**Rabbs' Fringe-Limbed
Tree Frog**
Extinct: 2016



**Christmas Island
Forest Skink**
Extinct: 2017



**Round Island
Burrowing Boa**
Extinct: 1970s

SPECIES PARTIALLY "BROUGHT BACK"



Pyrenean Ibex (Bucardo)
Briefly Cloned in 2003



Quagga
Selective Breeding Program



Aurochs
Breeding & Genetic Research

DE-EXTINCTION TARGETS (SCIENTISTS ARE TRYING TO BRING BACK)



Woolly Mammoth
Extinct ~4,000 years ago



Dodo
Extinct ~1681



Thylacine
(De-Extinction Research Ongoing)
Extinct: 2016



Passenger Pigeon
(De-Extinction Research Ongoing)
Extinct: 1914

ICE AGE ANIMALS UNDER STUDY



Woolly Rhinoceros
Extinct ~10,000 years ago



Smilodon
(Saber-Toothed Cat)
Extinct ~10,000 years ago



Irish Elk
Extinct ~7,700 years ago



Steppe Bison
Extinct ~10,000 years ago

Joan of Arc



Arely Onate Trejo

She/Her
Sophomore
Medical Sciences

“Catholic,” “feminist” and “gender-defying” may sound like contradictory ways to describe a person, but they are all ways in which we describe St. Joan of Arc. Born in France during the 15th century, Joan of Arc would become known to historians as a French leader who successfully guided the French army to crucial victories during the Hundred Years’ War. To Catholics, she would become known as a devout and brave martyr who received messages from God. During her 19 years, Joan of Arc led a remarkable life in which she claimed to receive divine visions, led the French army to victory and prevented England’s attempt to seize France. She was



later burned at the stake after being condemned and labeled as a heretic. To this day, St. Joan of Arc remains one of the most notable female historical figures in both war and Catholic history.

Hundred Years’ War

The Hundred Years’ War was a 116-year-long war between the Kingdom of England and the Kingdom of France. For centuries, the French and English had fought over land in France, but it wasn’t until 1337 that the Hundred Years’ War officially began. Edward III, ruler of England from 1327 to 1377, made a claim to the French throne, stating that he was denied his rightful claim following the death of Charles IV of France in 1328. Although it is debated whether Edward III’s objective was to be king of France, one thing is agreed upon: Edward III demanded full sovereignty over particular territories, and the French were not willing to fulfill his demands. This dispute is largely considered the major catalyst of the Hundred Years’ War. Prior to the war, France was larger, more populous, wealthier and held more power than England. Regardless, for a large segment of the Hundred Years’ War, England proved to have the stronger military and was more successful in battle than France. France managed to recuperate, and in 1453 the French claimed victory following the Battle of Castillon, the final battle of the Hundred Years’ War. Amongst the most

notable factors that strengthened France during the Hundred Years’ War were England’s loss of their most important ally, the Duchy of Burgundy, French military modernization, and the emergence of French war hero Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc was born in the midst of the Hundred Years’ War on January 6, 1412, to a poor and pious Catholic family in Domrémy, France. At the age of 12 years old, Joan of Arc began receiving visions and hearing voices she claimed to belong to Saint Michael the Archangel, Saint Catherine of Alexandria and Saint Margaret of Antioch imploring her to lead the French troops to victory against the English and crown Charles VII king of France. Being a woman born into an impoverished family, Joan of Arc lacked military training, and her ability to lead French troops was questioned. Eventually, her firm convictions and enthusiasm to lead France to victory inspired French troops and convinced Charles VII to allow her to lead the French troops in battle. Joan of Arc, who never actively participated in battle, led the French to victory at the Siege of Orleans in 1429. The victory was a pivotal moment in the Hundred Years’ War for France. Not only was it a victory for the French but it also gave the kingdom of France a newfound purpose and motivation, which powered them through the rest of the Hundred Years’ War. Joan of Arc was eventually captured by



the Burgundians, French allies of England, in 1430 and was then handed to the English. A politically motivated trial, led by Catholic Bishop Pierre Cauchon, charged Joan of Arc with heresy, claiming that she was engaging in an act contradictory to Catholic teaching by cross-dressing in battle. The English would defend their accusation of Joan of Arc being a heretic by quoting Deuteronomy 22:5, which states, “The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man,” as justification to burn Joan of Arc at the stake. Despite being killed by men who claimed to be doing so in the name of the Catholic church, the Catholic church never condoned the death of Joan of Arc, and she continued to proclaim her faith loudly even as she was being burned. On May 30, 1431, at only 19 years old, Joan of Arc died.

Canonization of Joan of Arc

Despite accusations of being a witch and a heretic, St. Joan of Arc eventually became a key Catholic figure profoundly admired for her bravery and devotion to the Catholic Church. A common source of confusion for the general public is how St. Joan of Arc became a Catholic figure when the Catholic church is supposedly responsible for her death. This misconception that

the Catholic church itself killed Joan of Arc is simply not true. Joan of Arc was killed by the English—of whom some happened to be Catholic—for politically motivated reasons justified by exploiting religious text. The pope at the time, Pope Eugene IV, was not involved in her death. Additionally, only a few decades later, Pope Callixtus III authorized a nullification trial to declare Joan of Arc innocent. Therefore, although Joan of Arc was murdered by people who were Catholic, she was not murdered by the Catholic Church itself, and even the idea that she was murdered for religious reasons is often discredited.

Eventually, Joan of Arc was beatified, a recognition awarded by the Catholic Church declaring the individual as one who lived a life of virtue, on April 18, 1909 by Pope Pius X. Later, she was canonized as a saint by Pope Benedict XV on May 16, 1920. Canonization of a saint generally requires many steps, including having their life investigated and presented to the Dicastery for the Causes of Saints and two miracles that cannot be explained by scientific reason. In the case of Joan of Arc, it is important to understand that her canonization was not directly due to her role in the Hundred Years’ War but rather was due to her profound faith and dedication to fulfilling God’s will.

Following the death of Joan of Arc, various miracles were confirmed via her intercession—intercession being a Christian belief that individuals in heaven can join in prayers to God for people on Earth. Examples include three nuns being miraculously healed, two of whom had cancer and the other of whom had leg ulcers. Today, she

is one of the most well-known and celebrated saints.

Modern Perspective on Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc’s masculine presentation and lack of known heterosexual relationships have led many contemporary scholars to pose theories about her sexuality and gender identity, labeling her a Queer icon. Although these theories are not necessarily foolish or implausible, they ignore the most crucial parts of Joan of Arc’s story. First, it ignores her proclaimed identity as a Catholic woman. Second, it ignores the fact that the intention behind wearing men’s clothing was for practicality and protection while acting as a leader in war to fulfill what she believed were her orders sent by God. Additionally, believing that Joan of Arc must have identified as LGBTQ+ simply because she wore men’s clothing may spread dangerous rhetoric that a woman must conform to society’s standards and expectations for femininity or else she must fall into a different category, a rhetoric that is dangerous to both those inside and outside the LGBTQ+ community.

On the other hand, many far-right movements, including Action Française and the French National Rally, have used Joan of Arc as an emblem of pure French nationalism. Given Joan of Arc’s religious beliefs and French patriotism, these movements have utilized Joan of Arc to argue against immigration, support anti-Islamic policies and perpetuate antisemitic ideology.

Despite the second often being considered the most dangerous representation of Joan of Arc, any attempt to monopolize

a historical figure and cherry-pick characteristics and facts about their life to support a certain ideology and set of beliefs is dangerous, deceitful, and never justifiable. It is important to note that this is not exclusive to St. Joan of Arc. Society has repeatedly manipulated historical figures in a way that pushes their personal agenda, and it is our responsibility to develop a better understanding of historical figures and events before coming to a conclusion. Ultimately, it is important to recognize the importance of not manipulating historical figures into whichever narrative you prefer, as it may be equally possible for the opposing side to do the same.

Joan of Arc is considered by many to be a feminist symbol, but the title is actually quite controversial, especially amongst Catholics. Those that argue that Joan of Arc was a feminist discuss her representation of leadership, bravery and breaking gender norms as a woman during a time period in which that was unheard of as an act of feminism. Additionally, they argue that Joan of Arc paved a path for many women to follow, as she was a powerful, authoritative female figure in a time in which women had very little authority. Others argue that Joan of Arc was not a feminist and that any progressive act she carried out in her lifetime was done with religious intention, not for the sake of equality amongst women and men. Ultimately, whether or not Joan of Arc was a feminist depends on personal definitions and expectations of what it means to be a feminist. In any case, both sides agree that St. Joan of Arc was a heroic woman

who disregarded social norms and gained respect in a patriarchal society on a journey to fight for a cause she believed in.

What Should We Make of Joan of Arc?

Joan of Arc is one of the most revered historical figures by the Catholic and non-religious populations alike. Pope Benedict XVI stated that St. Joan of Arc “is a beautiful example of holiness for laypeople involved in politics, especially in difficult situations.” Mark Twain, a religious skeptic, considered Joan of Arc “by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced.” Among pop culture references to Joan of Arc are The Smiths’ “Bigmouth Strikes Again,” featuring a lyric that mentions St. Joan of Arc; Alexander McQueen’s collection titled “Joan” in 1998; and Zendaya paying homage to Joan of Arc at the 2018 Met Gala, among many other examples. Regardless of her popularity, there are still those who believe that Joan of Arc was a schizophrenic maniac who was remarkably believed. Regardless of whether her visions were valid, it is important to not minimize her role in the Hundred Years’ War and the relentless nature, charisma, and mastermind that were required to have had the impact that she had.

Being aware of the notion that Catholicism is a misogynistic religion and feeling uncomfortable with that concept, I decided to do my own research and found Joan of Arc to be the most rewarding historical figure I have learned about to this date. Although controversial, I do consider Joan of Arc a feminist. Using the

definition of a feminist as someone who advocates for the equality of men and women, Joan of Arc, someone who radically fought for the right to lead the French army despite being a woman, should be considered a feminist. In regards to speculation on whether she was LGBTQ or not, I believe it is important to note two things. For one, LGBTQ identities as we know them now are relatively modern despite same-sex relationships and gender non-conformity existing throughout history. Therefore, the idea that Joan of Arc would have identified with the labels we use today is an anachronism. Second, even if Joan of Arc did experience same-sex attraction or gender dysphoria, what she proclaimed as the most important part of her identity was being Catholic. Therefore, it is unlikely that these identities, if applicable, would have been meaningful to Joan of Arc. There is importance in respecting an individual’s identity, and St. Joan of Arc’s identity was most strongly grounded on being Catholic. St. Joan of Arc has been admired by many—Catholics and non-Catholics alike—and after researching her story, it is clear she will forever be a figure worth learning about.



AN ODE TO THE LOST ARTS



Aiden Heung

He/They
Author of *All There Is To Lose*



Ava Walker

She/Her
Junior
Political Science | Criminology & Criminal Justice | Political Journalism

Arabella Berzack

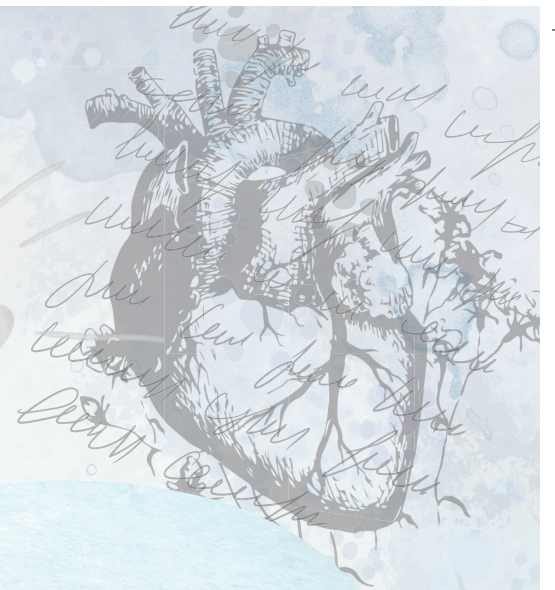
She/They
Junior
Psychology | English



*In Early November 2025, Aiden Heung visited Saint Louis University to do a poetry reading. Aiden Heung is the author of *All There Is To Lose*, which was awarded the Levis Prize in Poetry (USA), chosen by Ilya Kaminsky. As of March 2026, it's been published by Four Way Books. Heung is also the winner of the 2025 Elinor Benedict Poetry Prize in the USA, selected by Diane Seuss. As part of Heung's visit to Saint Louis University, Arabella Berzack, the Editor-in-Chief for Kiln & Via, interviewed him in collaboration with OneWorld Magazine's publication.*

Throughout this interview, Heung discusses with Berzack his writing journey, influences, philosophy on creativity, and views on the role of poetry in society. Heung emphasizes the importance of the artistic process, personal experience, vulnerability and artistic responsibility.

**“For me, the journey is what matters,
and the journey is what I can
contribute to as a human being.”**



**“Let the art guide you because I do
believe there is something beautifully
invisible in the words and in the art
that’s there to guide you to some
places that you might have never
imagined to begin with. So, I think
that’s the beauty of all kinds of art,
including poetry. Trust it.”**

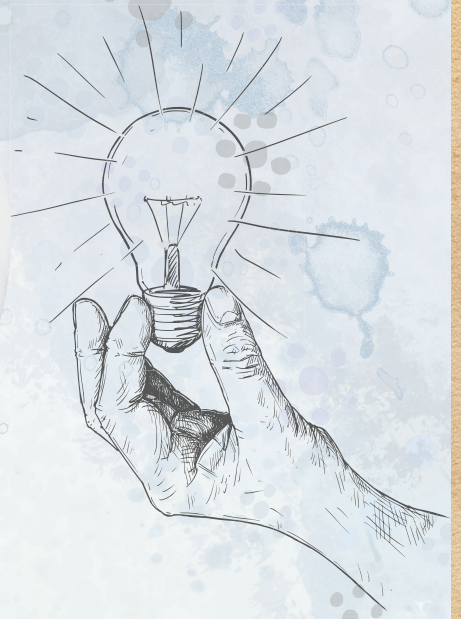
**“Especially when it comes to
big ethical questions, it’s like,
who are you to tell stories that
are not yours? If you want to
adopt a different perspective
or different persona, what
gives you the right?”**

**“Or, in a bigger picture,
how society fails us as
individuals and how we
struggle with these harsh
realities and still try to
maintain a bit of hope.”**



“I do write a lot of political poems, but for me, every poem is political in a way.”

“And even though there is a lot of sadness in poetry, more important is how we make sense of it and how we recreate ourselves.”



“First of all, poetry is a very individual thing, but unfortunately, everyone is kind of bound by their society. As Auden says, ‘Poetry makes nothing happen’ like, art makes nothing happen. That’s the reality you have to face is that art, in general, makes nothing happen, changes nothing.”

“Yes, maybe that’s my pessimistic understanding, but I think if we poets cannot change anything at all, at least we can document. At least, people will see a record of time. There’s a very famous quote. I forget which writer; I think maybe from the USSR. He asks this really important question: Where are all your poets? That’s the thing we always have to think of as artists when faced with political challenges or injustice in society. What should we do? At least, we can document them if we can’t challenge or change any of them.”



“The difference for me is that historians will focus more on the facts, but artists and poets seek the emotional truth and impact of these facts on human beings, on us.”

HOW DISGUST ADAPTED FROM CAUTION TO DANGER

Brynn Drake

She/Her
Senior

Psychology | Political Science



The world almost universally agrees that incest is morally wrong. How did we reach this conclusion? How did you personally reach this conclusion? If your answer is that you just know, you have a gut feeling or incest is disgusting, then you have fallen into the trap that many of us do: discerning morality based on feeling or instinct.

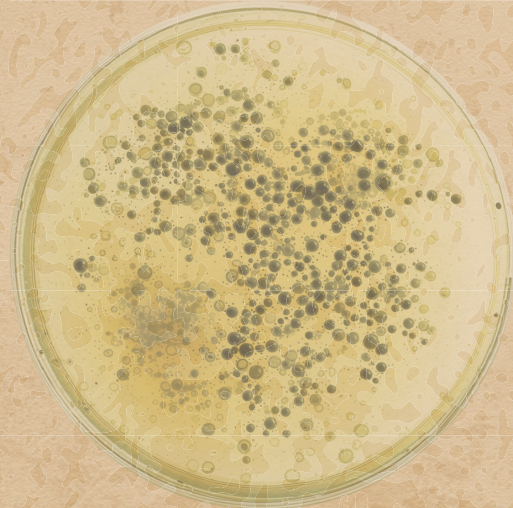
These feelings are not random. They are a result of our background, upbringing and even biology. Biologically, we evolved as humans to adopt the disgust

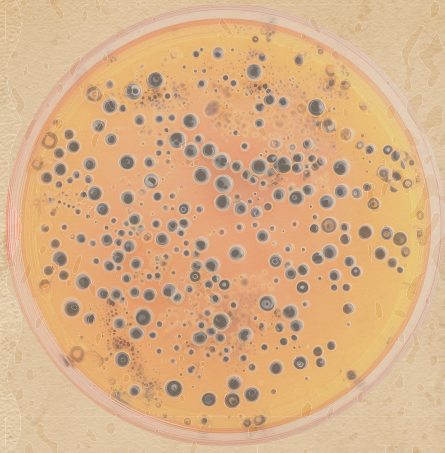
pathogen, avoiding those who appear ill as a survival instinct. While originally a protective mechanism, disgust pathogen response reacts to noncontagious diseases such as mental illnesses, obesity, mobility issues and autoimmune disorders. This biological response triggers avoidant behaviors towards people with disabilities, perpetuating harm against these groups.

What if, however, these feelings of disgust extend far beyond disability prejudice? When feelings of disgust conflate with

morality, any idea that is in conflict with one's own background, upbringing and biases can be deemed "immoral." Although morality is subjective, the explanation of it needs reason and facts rather than just emotional justifications.

If the only reason incest is morally wrong is this feeling of disgust, then, according to me, sardines, dirty socks and greasy fingers are all blatantly mortal sins due to their disgusting nature. The danger of conflating feelings with reasoning is that emotional





reactions are more a result of our upbringing than any universal truth. Consciously or unconsciously, we inherit the biases of those around us: our feelings know these biases even if our minds do not.

Feelings driving morality is a catalyst for excusing prejudice and discrimination. A study by the National Institutes of Health found that those who feel more sensitivity to disgust tend to have a strong inclination towards moral purity. This moral purity drives negative attitudes toward homosexuality. Another study found that disgust sensitivity is positively correlated with xenophobia towards refugee groups.

The conflation of disgust pathogens and morality results in systemic and societal issues. Politics often uses moral justifications to defend one's side. The shortcut, however, is to invoke emotions as a way to defend weak moral arguments. "Fear mongering" is one way of invoking emotions to have a person take a stance, despite masking emotional manipulation as "moral understanding." Emotions are not objective facts; they can be weaponized to push a political agenda.

If left unchecked, pathogen disgust remains a biological function that can be used to harm others. The bias is unconscious and inherent, a result of biology and society. We are not "wrong" or "bad" for having these biases, but if we do not acknowledge them, we allow them to both grow and continue harming others. When one is strong in their beliefs—strong in their morality—they do not realize all of the components that may impact their belief system. If we cannot defend our position logically, then it was never about morality or strong conviction; it was an intersection of

biology and societal beliefs.

The ability to think critically, in matters of morality or not, is an increasingly scarce resource. With the rise of Artificial Intelligence (AI) and the internet, there is a constant stream of outside forces telling you how to think, even using your emotions to strengthen these beliefs and conflate them with facts. In the wake of constant external noise, it is more important than ever to know how to think and why you think it. The use of logic can help you question your own biases, leading you closer towards beliefs rooted in fairness and compassion.



RACIAL DISPARITIES

IN BREAST CANCER TREATMENT



Camille Smith

She/Her
Junior

Social Work



Breast cancer among the most common types of cancer. Wherever you look, it's easy to find a pink ribbon bumper sticker on a car or a logo on a baseball cap. Breast cancer walks, pink-out games and other advocacy efforts are extremely common, especially during October: Breast Cancer Awareness Month. Despite these advocacy efforts to fundraise for a cure and increase awareness, there continues to be an underlying issue of health equity in the movement. Women of color are frequently left out of the conversation, remaining underrepresented in clinical trials and at a higher risk of mortality when it comes to breast cancer diagnosis. As we continue to fight for a cure, we must address these examples of health inequity and work towards a solution that is inclusive of all identities, regardless of skin color.

As previously mentioned, breast cancer is one of the most common types of cancer, following lung cancer. Breast cancer is a widespread issue, impacting 1 in 8 women in the United States annually according to the American Cancer Society. In addition, it is the most common type of cancer found

in women. While the diagnosis remains high, only 1 in 43 women will die from breast cancer. These statistics reveal that while breast cancer is widespread, solutions like early detection and prevention efforts can decrease mortality rates.

Many of these early detection and prevention efforts are contingent upon the social determinants of health that an individual has access to within their community. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control defines the social determinants of health as "The conditions in which people live, learn, work, and play that are determined by the distribution of money, power, and resources and that affect a wide range of health and quality-of-life risks and outcomes." In other words, they are the nonmedical factors that can influence an individual's health outcomes. Research suggests that due to the United States' long history of racism, discrimination and segregation, people of color often endure higher rates of poverty and isolation. In addition, people of color often face higher barriers to fundamental social systems, such as housing, food security, education, employment and most importantly, healthcare. These

demographic and social factors can influence the well-being of people of color in the United States, putting minority groups at a higher risk for poor health outcomes.

One of these poor health outcomes can be an increased risk of breast cancer. Due to the persisting economic gaps in the United States, women of color do not have the same access to early detection programs. For example, a mammogram screening is a life-saving, non-invasive procedure that can detect breast cancer before symptoms start. Medical professionals usually recommend that women get an annual mammogram around the age of 40. Despite these recommendations, screening rates were lower among American Indian and Alaska Native (51%) and Asian (62%) women than Hispanic/Latina (65%), white (68%), and Black (73%) women ages 40 years and older. Although Black women appear to have the highest screening prevalence, studies suggest that they are less likely to have high-quality screening and timely follow-up of abnormal results. Social determinants of health, such as race, can have a direct impact on

a woman's ability to access early detection programs, increasing risk and mortality.

As a result of unequal access to breast cancer detection procedures, women of color face higher mortality rates and rely on more aggressive forms of treatment. Due to the inaccessibility of high-quality mammograms, Black women and American Indian/Alaska Native women are more often diagnosed at later or more advanced stages. This stage can often make treatment more difficult and aggressive. The American Cancer Society found that, despite breast cancer death rates declining to 44%, Black women are 41% more likely to die of breast cancer than white women. Even though Black women have a 5% lower breast cancer incidence rate than white women, they have a 38% higher mortality rate. Early detection procedures, like mammograms, should be accessible throughout different communities and available for all women, regardless of racial identity, to avoid discrepancies like this.

These shocking statistics are an example of modern-day medical racism. While many researchers and academics argue that social determinants of health are purely economic, race is a persisting risk factor in our healthcare system, regardless of income. Many argue that because people of color are more likely to live in low-income neighborhoods and struggle with healthcare affordability, they are more likely to face adverse health outcomes. This school of thought is highly dangerous and false. While medical racism often functions under the moniker of economic gaps in medical care, women of color—even those who do not

struggle with healthcare expenses—are at an increased risk of enduring painful procedures, having their symptoms ignored or being blatantly discriminated against by doctors. Even Serena Williams, one of the most affluent and prominent tennis players in this era, experienced medical racism when she was denied life-saving services while giving birth to her child. Ultimately, medical racism is a real threat to women of color trying to access treatment, regardless of income or economic status.

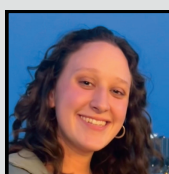
Despite these large, racially based disparities in breast cancer treatment, there are a wide variety of organizations trying to ameliorate this issue and fight for a more inclusive approach to battling breast cancer. For example, the Program for Eliminating Cancer Disparities at Washington University in St. Louis is trying to increase the visibility of women of color in clinical trials. Even though the 2018 US Census Bureau population estimates report that non-Hispanic white Americans represent 60.7% of the US population, non-Hispanic whites of European ancestry comprise more than 90% of the population in clinical trials. Institutions of higher education and research facilities can easily contribute to this cause by finding ways to include all racial identities in their clinical trials.

Likewise, increased outreach to different communities can help make early detection more accessible. The Sitemann Center, the cancer research center at Barnes-Jewish Hospital, offers a Mobile Mammogram truck that makes mammograms accessible to women in different neighborhoods across

St. Louis, removing transportation and cost of services as a barrier. Pro bono clinics, like Casa de Salud at Saint Louis University, are often making strides against breast cancer by offering free accessible services to refugees, immigrants, and other underserved individuals. With increased funding, research and education regarding this issue, we can fight to make real change and improve these health outcomes for women of color.

In conclusion, breast cancer impacts everyone, regardless of race, sex, or economic background. With increased education, representation and outreach, we can bridge the gap between treatment and educational resources, fighting for a cure that is inclusive of everyone, regardless of identity!

Unjust World. Unjust Blame.



Grace Walter

She/Her
Senior

Biostatistics | Mathematics



From a young age, we are taught what constitutes a fair world. Fairytale villains, superhero movies and bedtime stories all reinforce the same message: the “bad” character makes bad choices—over and over again—and eventually pays for them. The princess is rescued. The villain loses. Justice is restored.

We grow up with a clear sense of good and evil, and with it, the belief that outcomes reflect character. If you do bad things, bad things happen to you. It is easier to believe the world works this way than to confront the far more uncomfortable truth that, really,

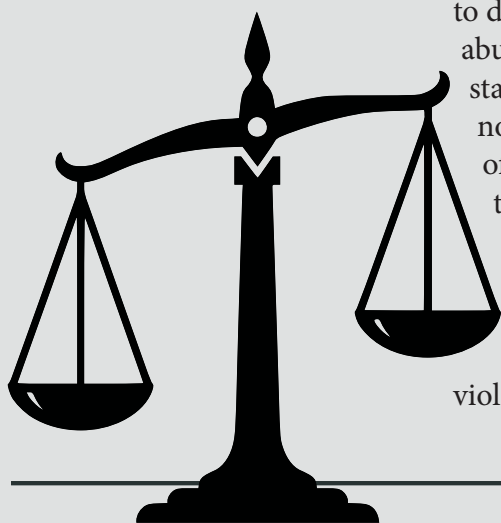
it doesn't.

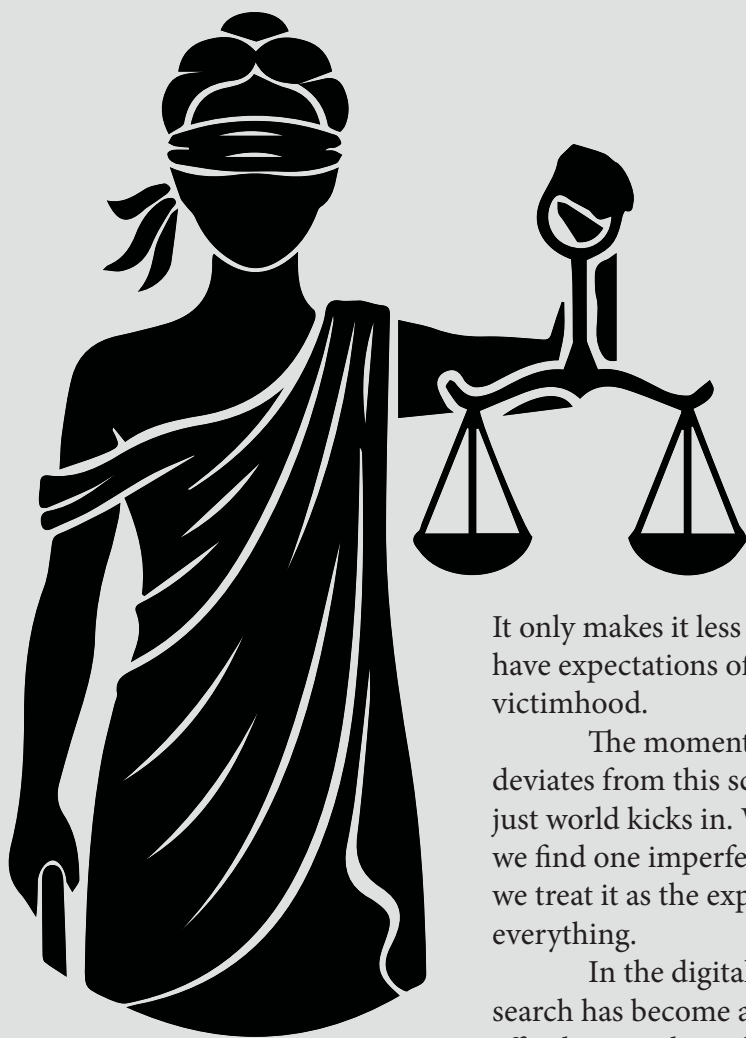
There is actually a name for this. Psychologist Melvin Lerner called it the “belief in a just world,” the idea that good things happen to good people and bad things happen to bad people. It sounds harmless, even comforting, until you realize what it demands of victims. When something terrible happens, we often instinctively search for the reason the person must have “caused” it. Not because we necessarily want that to be the case, but because randomness is terrifying. If rape can be reduced to a bad decision, then all you have to do is make a “better” choice. If abuse is something you “choose to stay” in, then you simply would not stay. A predictable world offers the illusion of safety, but that comfort often comes at someone else's expense.

This just-world fallacy shows up everywhere in conversations about sexual violence. We look for the flaw that

supposedly explains it away. What were they wearing? Why were they there? Were they drinking? Why didn't they fight back? Why didn't they leave? These questions, while often well-intentioned, rarely provide the support victims need; instead, they function as reassurance for everyone else. If we can identify the mistake, then the harm feels less random, less threatening and less likely to happen to us.

This is where the idea of the “perfect victim” comes in. To be believed, victims are often expected to fit in an impossibly narrow script: innocent, respectable, and morally spotless. Preferably young. Preferably conventionally feminine. Preferably white. Preferably someone with no complicated past, no contradictions, no “bad decisions,” no messy digital footprint and no reaction that makes other people uncomfortable. They must not only have been harmed in the “right”





way but also respond to that harm in the “right” way.

And that “right way” is incredibly specific. Victims are expected to report immediately, cry in a believable proportion, remember every detail and not know the person who harmed them. But trauma does not follow a script. Many people delay disclosure, especially when the person who hurt them was someone they trusted. Some seem calm, some remain composed, and some stay in contact with the perpetrator out of fear, self-protection, financial dependence or an attempt to keep the situation from escalating. None of this makes the harm less real.

It only makes it less convenient to have expectations of simple victimhood.

The moment someone deviates from this script, belief in a just world kicks in. We search until we find one imperfection, and then we treat it as the explanation for everything.

In the digital age, that search has become almost effortless. Nothing disappears, and nothing is allowed to remain irrelevant. People can scroll and scroll until they find one “bad” tweet, one old photo, one unlikable trait and then use it as retroactive justification. The logic goes, “Yes, something terrible happened, but look, this person is not perfect.” As if suffering must be earned in one direction and innocence in the other. As if harm is just the universe balancing the scales. But harm is not a moral correction.

This framework becomes especially dangerous in conversations about sexual violence, as it already exists inside a culture saturated with myths. We are far more comfortable with

the image of a masked stranger in a dark alley than with the much more common reality: *coercion by someone known*. The “classic” rape narrative is still treated as more believable than anything messier or more ordinary. A stranger’s attack at knifepoint is understandable. Assault by a friend at a party, a partner in a bedroom or an ex who would not take no for an answer often is not. The farther a person’s experience strays from the script, the easier it becomes for others to deny it altogether. Rape myths allow people to believe that “real” rape is rare and committed by monstrous strangers rather than by familiar people. If we admit how often violence happens under less dramatic circumstances, then we also have to admit how little separates “their” life from our own.

A similar pattern plays out in intimate partner violence. Public conversation so often centers on one question: “Why didn’t she leave?” But that question is wrong from the start. It quietly places responsibility on the victim rather than on the abuser. It assumes leaving is a single moment of clarity rather than a dangerous, drawn-out process shaped by fear, finances, housing, children and the very real possibility of retaliation. In fact, many victims are at their greatest risk when they try to leave. They stay because leaving can mean homelessness, unemployment, isolation, custody battles, stalking or lethal violence. What looks irrational from the outside is often a survival strategy from the inside.

The just-world hypothesis plays out differently across genders, though it reaches the same conclusion. When men are victims



of sexual violence, they are often disbelieved because victimization contradicts cultural expectations of masculinity; their strength is questioned, and they are told they should have been powerful enough to stop it. When women are victims, their choices are dissected instead, and whether they are believed often depends on how closely they align with socially acceptable ideas of femininity and innocence. Gendered expectations about dominance, sexuality and power shape these reactions. Some forms of femininity are treated as deserving of protection, while others are treated as suspect and more easily blamed. Men, meanwhile, are taught that vulnerability itself is a failure of masculinity. In either case, people are judged not simply by what happened to them but by whether they performed victimhood in a socially acceptable way.

This is one of the most damaging things belief in a just world does: it shrinks complex realities into single moments and then treats those moments as moral proof. It erases coercion. It erases fear. It erases attachment, dependence and survival. It removes the process and judges only the outcome. Then, after flattening someone's reality beyond recognition, it calls that

judgment "common sense." But what it really protects is not the truth. It protects comfort. If harm can be traced to a bad choice, we do not have to confront how unequal and unpredictable the world is.

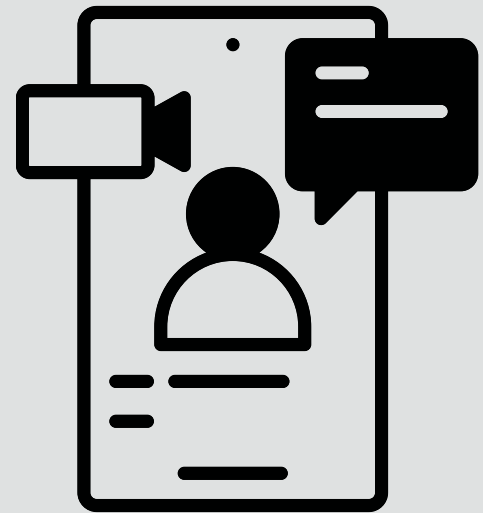
Maybe the correction to this starts with changing the questions.

Instead of asking, "What did they do wrong?" we should ask, "What might I not be seeing?"

Instead of "Why didn't she leave?" we should ask, "What made leaving impossible?"

Instead of "Why would he let that happen?" we should ask, "What pressures were at play here?"

Or, maybe it starts earlier than that. Instead of immediately looking for a way to explain away someone's harm when it unsettles us, we accept that bad things do not always happen for a reason and that safety built on someone else's blame is not true safety. The world is not a grand scale where good cancels out bad. A person's imperfection does not justify violence, and a mistake does not cause abuse. Rather than seeing complexities as an inconvenience, they have to be recognized as reality.



FORSAKE APPEASEMENT

Isaac Hauffe

He/Him

Sophomore

Neuroscience | Philosophy



"To peace." What does it mean? Is it an action where "peace" acts as the verb? Is it a toast, celebrating the wonders of harmony? Perhaps it is a destination, the conclusion of an exhausting journey. Or, perhaps, something else hides within the letters, a connotation that belies power and shame.

"Appease." From Old French: *a*, "to," and *pais*, "peace." *Apaisier* to *apeser* to *appesen* to appease. The linearity makes this word easy to understand: a journey from pax to peace.

The 1828 Webster Dictionary mirrors this linearity in its definition: "To make quiet; to calm; to reduce to a state of peace." A mere elaboration upon our previously stated "to peace." This is expected, of course, given its components.

Yet the 2025 Merriam-Webster dictionary's first definition of the word contains the following: "to make concessions ... often at the sacrifice of principles." This prominent change in meaning—emerging from then-United Kingdom Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's practice of ceding territory and freedoms to Nazi Germany in hopes of averting war—is also expected given the longevity and vast application of the English language. Words

change, meanings change; as connotations mutate, denotations race to keep up.

Why, then, do I draw attention to appease? What warrants four paragraphs cogitating the word's origins? For to appease is to betray our future for peace in the present. It is to buy ourselves mere moments of relief at tomorrow's expense.

Before we continue, let us acquire a basic understanding of appeasement.

When we feel uncomfortable, we appease the instigating sensations. This is not bad. The classic drive-reduction theory posits that internal tensions—deviations from homeostasis—intrinsically drive us to alleviative actions. We may address hunger by eating a meal, thus returning to a necessarily balanced state.

Of course, the dose makes the poison. When we find ourselves unable to sit with any sensation of discomfort, if, say, a light tug of hunger is unbearable, we fall into self-destruction. And these manifestations need not be universal; be it binging on bread or hoarding canned fruit, each might be conceived as "appeasing" a base sensation.

Now, we mustn't conceive of this entirely as a lack of

"self-control." Though the power of self-moderation can be learned, our social structures encourage harmful behaviors, facilitating disorder in an otherwise healthy life. Modern foods are engineered to be addicting much like the social media on which they're advertised.

Let's take a deeper look at one example of appeasement: the United States' 2026 nutrition guidelines.

~

Robert F. Kennedy Jr., United States Secretary of Health and Human Services, has pushed a number of public-facing policy initiatives to "Make America Healthy Again." Foremost among these is a revised set of dietary guidelines modeled off of 1992's food pyramid but inverse in shape. It places red meats, cheese, and vegetables at the top and calls for the minimization of whole grains and the elimination of added sugars.

Now, this is a peculiar choice. Red meats and cheese can certainly be part of a healthy diet—but that doesn't mean they should be the basis. Indeed, longevity epidemiologists consistently advocate for prioritizing plant-based proteins, fiber, and generally eating lower on

"FOR TO APPEASE IS TO BETRAY OUR FUTURE FOR PEACE IN THE PRESENT"

the food chain. Such are findings from the yet-ongoing 75+-year-old Framingham Heart Study—which confirmed the correlation between smoking and mortality and now focuses on nutrition—as well as from Dr. Frank Hu, the chair of Harvard’s Department of Nutrition.

But I argue that the primary objective of these recommendations is not, ultimately, the enrichment of American health. Rather, RFK Jr. is appeasing his base by providing easy answers to complex issues. Red meat can be tasty; it is certainly appealing to simply eat more of it to salve our metabolic woes.

If someone lowers their grain intake, what are they replacing those calories with? Will it be salmon? Or will it be a hot dog from the gas station? Not only are both choices more expensive than staple grains, but the decision between them will be highly stratified by socioeconomic status. The rich, who are unlikely to be affected by these recommendations anyway, will proceed in prosperity; the poor, faced with an ever-tightening budget as food becomes ever more expensive, will be given the choice of continuing to eat highly processed food—which they can afford—or emaciate purchasing the foods the guide

ardently supports.

It is easy for the FDA to banner their guide with “eat real food”—a phrase that has no objective meaning. But if one wants to improve the health of the population, the solution is not to quixotically tell people to “become healthy.” Nor is it to actively promote foods that might push individuals farther from that goal. Rather than embark on genuinely difficult, structural work, RFK Jr. is making flashy, popular moves that temporarily appease his base’s desire while ultimately retaining, even encouraging, the very structures that proliferate the ailments he ostensibly seeks to erase.

This campaign is not about making America healthy. It is not about returning to a state of prosperity or providing aid to those who need it most. It is about ostentatiousness—about appeasing a desire for simplicity in a world so devoid of that ideal.

RFK Jr.’s boondoggle illustrates the manipulation of intuition for popular support—an opportunistic commander of

nutrition. But appeasement’s tendrils reach even further, into the heart of discourse itself.

~

Populism is constructed on the very basis of appeasement. When we feel threatened, we summon forth a scapegoat, assigning blame to the group that most easily comes to mind. When we need a leader, we choose someone who epitomizes comfort, familiarity—who possesses a tacit empathy for the base. We appease these worries festering inside of us; we appease our desire to belong, to stay safe.

But in appeasing our desires, by taking the easy way out, we simultaneously disserve others. The scapegoats may be rounded up, deported—even killed. The leaders may enrich themselves while undermining the structures that originally gave them dominion. With a manufactured semblance of truth, we believe in our prosperity. But by taking the shortcut, we rob ourselves of justice.

It’s easy to submit to our biases, to appease the part of us that wishes our world were simple. It’s easy to give in to hatred when



“MAKE AMERICA HEALTHY AGAIN”



everything is going wrong and you don't know who to blame. But life isn't easy—the mere temptation of appeasement, the allurements of a shortcut, is proof thereof.

We so often have a conception of the “answer” floating around in our heads, be it implanted through media or intuited through logical leaps. Yet simultaneously, we so often lack the Socratic wisdom to acknowledge our ignorance. When making decisions, sometimes we must affirm our not knowing, admitting that scientists who have devoted their lives to the very question we are pondering may be closer to the answer than ourselves. For any given problem, the first answer one conceives is scarcely the best—and often merely appeases our desire for simplicity over reality.

We can fulminate against injustice all we want, but the reclamation of nuance and the abjuration of appeasement will not progress thusly. We must consider what will truly help us in these situations of tension. Do we choose the left path, appeasing our urge via the shortest possible route while hurting others in the process? Or

do we choose the right path, acknowledging the nuance in our world and reflecting on what will truly get us closer to our goals?

We must refrain from universals, of course. Sometimes the left path, the quickest route, will end well. And sometimes, through contemplation, we may decide to forge a path of our own. This diatribe is against spontaneous acquiescence, not deliberative indulgence in the pleasures of life. Life need not be ceaselessly painful. We simply must understand in what situations it is appropriate to give ourselves respite and when we dare not.

Appeasement is easy. Appeasement is alluring. It's an escape from the rumination and enervation of life. But appeasement is scarcely the solution. At best, it simply transfers the predicament into the future. At worst, it scathes those most in need. In either case, affliction abounds.

“To peace” is just the opposite; it is to certify subservience to injustice. We must see past the superficial, past the appealing, and determine the truth of our world. Inquiry—not acquiescence—will shatter the shackles of simplicity. Engaging with nuance, however taxing and however circuitous, will empower us to move past the seduction of appeasement. For it is in striding past the superficial that we may pursue genuine paths forward and, ultimately, discern solutions beneficial to all.

GROW
ANYWAY.

THEY TRIED TO
PAVE US OVER.

ROOTS
WHERE THEY
SAID NONE
COULD GROW.

THROW NOW. GROW LATER SEEDBOMBING 101



Katie Egelhoff

She/They

Junior

History | American Studies

THE CITY ISN'T EMPTY.
IT'S JUST WAITING.



The urban landscape is radically removed from nature. “The concrete jungle” is, in fact, not a jungle at all—it isolates ecology to a couple of city blocks designated as a park, open to the public but requiring citizens to go out of their way to be surrounded by a watered-down version of the beauty of the natural world.

Take a walk downtown, starting one block from Ballpark Village, and you will see nothing but concrete with the occasional newly planted, isolated tree within 4x4 cutouts. In the rare instance where you see grass and dirt, it is not maintained or utilized. Downtown in any other major city in the U.S. is a space that is generally seen as one of joy and excitement. In St. Louis, that is not the experience; rather, downtown is boring and stressful, rarely passing another person unless there is a Cardinals game.

Green spaces have been shown to increase happiness in urban environments. In fact, researchers at the University of Eastern Finland have deemed that the development of urban green spaces is the most important factor in increasing the happiness of urban residents. So why does St. Louis City seem to neglect something as simple as plants that could have a large impact on the well-being of those who live here? It’s no surprise that it comes down to money.

The implantation of greenery throughout the city is a huge task with an equally large financial requirement. There is the idea that there must be holding spaces, such as concrete pots, for flowers that would need

to be replaced year after year. Additionally, a significant amount of labor would be required to not only plant, but to maintain the beauty and health of the plants throughout the year.

This doesn’t have to be the case.

Native wildflowers, existing in the region long before humans curated aesthetic gardens, could be the solution to these woes.

Like the name implies, native wildflowers are adapted to the soil and weather conditions in the area, meaning that the upkeep needed is radically less than their non-native counterparts.

If the city has deemed greenery to be an inconvenience or not worth the upkeep, it gets pushed to the wayside. It is up to the citizens to step up and bring nature back into our daily lives. Luckily for us, it’s relatively easy to make an impact on the city using native plants.

Using the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s plant hardiness scale—a way to measure the best plants for a region based on the average lowest temperature—St. Louis City and County fall into Zone 7, with surrounding counties in Zone 6. Once defining the zone, it is easy to find the correct native plants to utilize for guerrilla gardening, such as cornflowers, scarlet flax and cosmos bright.

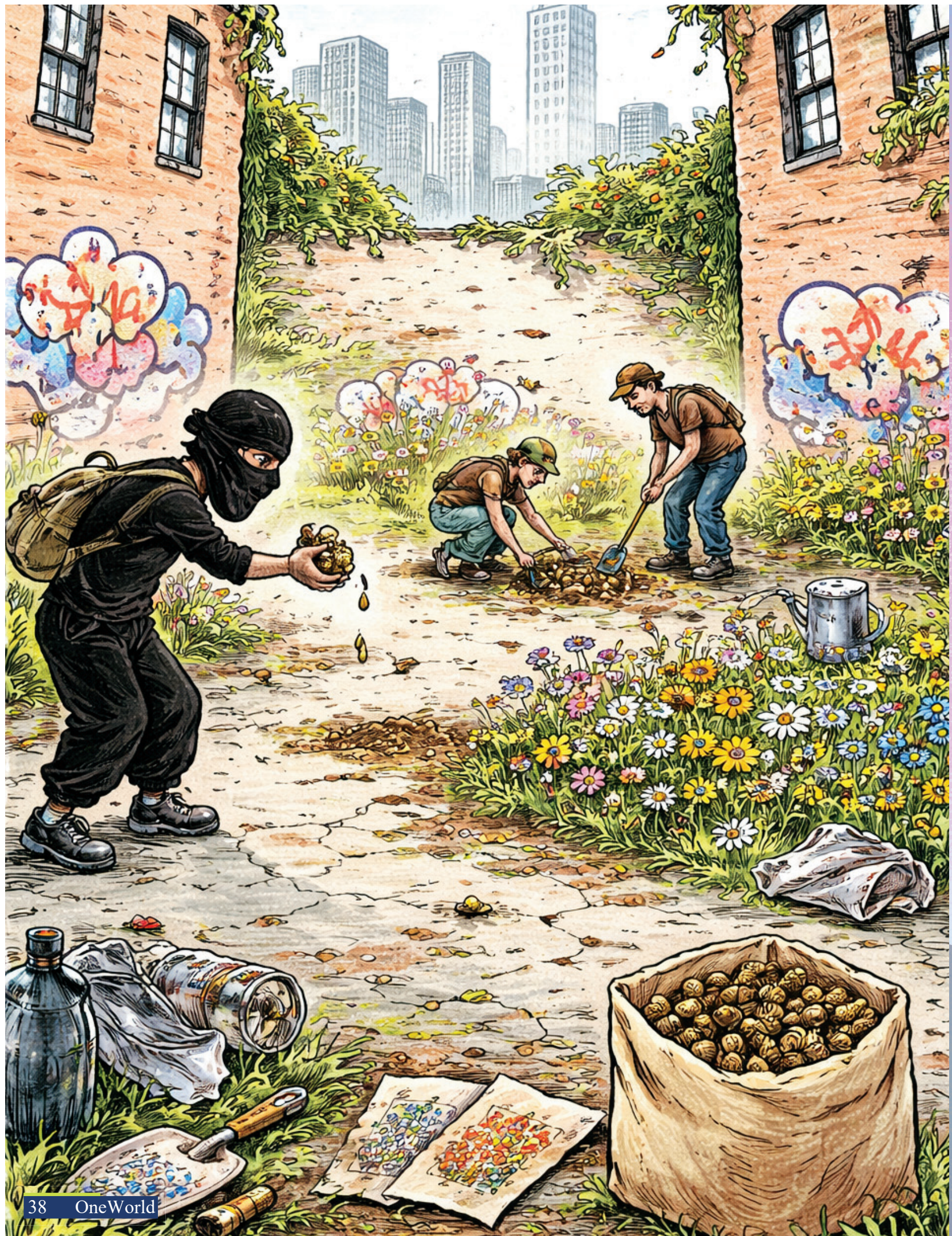
Guerilla gardening is commonly defined as the act of planting and growing plants on land that you are not authorized to grow on. “Guerrilla” tends to have a negative connotation due to implications of war, but it can have a beautiful effect when placed in the context of art. As long as you are willing to face the dubious

legality of engaging in guerilla gardening, it is a simple process.

The first step is picking your method. The simplest is spreading loose seeds, either by hand or with the help of a shaker, into your desired underutilized space. This is quick and requires minimal preparation once the seeds have been gathered but can leave the spread seeds vulnerable to being washed away by the elements or consumed by birds. Another option is creating “seed bombs” composed of a mix of clay, compost and seeds that are formed into balls. Once created, these “bombs” can be easily and inconspicuously tossed into your desired area, where the clay will keep the seeds moist and the compost acts as a fertilizer.

Once your seeds have been deployed, all you have to do is wait and watch as they bloom. Native wildflowers do not need constant maintenance like other flowers that we are more familiar with. In fact, in many cases it is best for manipulation to be kept to a minimum.

Flowers are often not thought about when planning urban environments, but their absence is noticeable. ***Until city officials realize the importance of sacrificing some profits for citizen well-being, it is up to us, the residents of St. Louis and the world, to step up and bring native plants back into our cities.*** Make “seed bombs” and go on a walk, or even throw some seeds out of a car window on your way to work. Either way, by going against the written rules, you are bettering your community.



Transphobia: Repackaged Misogyny

Sam Bruemmer

He/They
Freshman

English | Communications | Creative Writing



The recent rise in anti-trans legislation on an international scale is an alarming regression in human rights. But the rhetoric and motive behind this legislation is nothing new; it's an evolution of long-standing systems of power. Transphobia is rooted in misogyny, the belittling of femininity and the constant impulse to uphold the patriarchy. One cannot be a feminist without rejecting transphobia too.

Forms of discrimination launched against trans women are founded in the types of misogyny experienced by cis women. Bathroom and sports bans, for example, both stem from old sexist stereotypes. The sports bans operate from the assumption that trans women are naturally advantaged at sports, a claim that was disproved by a study published by the British Journal of Sports Medicine this February. What is posed as an ostensibly logical view on women's physical abilities is actually just refusal to view the bodies of cis and trans women as equally capable.

Bathroom bans are mostly aimed at the belief that trans women want to enter women's bathrooms to assault women or children. There is again no basis for this belief, and it asserts that any desire to be perceived as female or exist in women's spaces is strange and predatory. The same fearmongering does not typically apply to trans men because a desire to be perceived male seems more logical and less jarring. Manhood is the default: the desirable option. When transphobes envision trans women in women's spaces, they see it through a lens of alienation and perversion.

And while TERFs—Trans Exclusionary Radical Feminists—bill themselves as protectors of womanhood, they end up playing into the very systems that necessitate feminism. They create an idea of womanhood as a sacred thing relegated to certain bodies, barring trans women and thereby reducing women to their bodies rather than any other attribute. It's the same logic as men who are disgusted by trans women's bodies—that women are only valuable and deserving of rights when they are desirable. Defined not by themselves, but by their relationships to men.

It's not just discrimination targeting trans feminine people that is rooted in the patriarchy. Trans people of any gender identity are often told that it is impossible to be any gender other than the one associated with a person's sex

assigned at birth, and are banned from changing gender markers on IDs to reflect their gender. Additionally, trans people face many barriers to accessing gender-affirming and potentially life-saving healthcare such as hormone replacement therapy or gender-affirming surgeries.

These are forms of control which have historically been used to reject women's autonomy and power. Names and identification assert one's belonging; a woman taking her husband's name has been used as a sign of ownership more than unity. And patriarchal systems are built off of the control of women's bodies—not just for the purposes of bearing children, but in order to fit certain beauty standards and meet particular expectations.

All of this transphobia boils down to the limitations of autonomy and the act of equating femininity with weakness. When trans people choose their own names, defy stereotypical

gender presentation or undergo medical transition, they assert a sense of self contrary to what a patriarchal society set before them. When trans women embrace femininity and/or womanhood, they assert that it is a desirable life which takes intentionality and strength to achieve.

Ultimately, feminism is not about upholding the right bodies or following the right standards of womanhood, as TERFs like to assert. It's about choice, and defiance. About rejecting definition by what has been previously established, about embracing nuance and complexity. Trans folks defy all kinds of lines and expectations, and therefore put themselves at greater risks of violence and discrimination. This is why Black trans women are at extreme risk of violence, sexual assault and medical mistreatment, and why four in five of the estimated 400 murders of trans people since 2013 have been of Black trans women according to the Human Rights Campaign. Each compounding level of defiance, each intersection and identity, creates a greater difference from the established norm and a further lack of conformity.

How can one claim to be a feminist while ignoring the most at-risk women? How can one claim to stand up against discrimination and unfair systems while disregarding those who most thoroughly

reject such systems?

The Lemkin Institute sounded the alarms this January to identify a genocide occurring against transgender people in the United States. Feminism has no business equating women to their bodies and denying trans people their place. ***The patriarchy does not care what body you have, or who you did or did not stand with; it comes for us all.***

TRANS LIFELINE:

(877) 565-8860 | [TRANSLIFELINE.ORG](https://translifeline.org)

TREVOR PROJECT (LGBTQ+ YOUTH SUPPORT):

(866) 488-7386 | TEXT START TO 678678 | [THETREVORPROJECT.ORG](https://thetrevorproject.org)

CRISIS TEXT LINE:

TEXT 741741 | [CRISISTEXTLINE.ORG](https://crisistextline.org)

LGBT NATIONAL HELP CENTER:

(888) 843-4564 | [LGBTHOTLINE.ORG](https://lgbthotline.org)



The Perfect Story

Selective Empathy



Sampriti Padmanaban

She/Her

Sophomore

Public Health | Health Management | Healthcare Ethics

What are the elements that make a sensational news story? Is it the suspense, the intrigue or something more...formulaic?

Time and time again, news stories hit our feeds—each one more sensational than the last. Nowadays, the medium through which we see it also impacts our perception of the content.

Headlines don't just inform us but instead guide us toward how to feel and which stories to prioritize.

All of this had me wondering about the sociology behind media exposure and public perception.

Gabby Petito, Nancy Guthrie and Natalee Holloway. I assume you've probably heard at least one of these names before in some capacity. What about Dawn Day, LaToyia Figueroa and Tamika Huston? This phenomenon has been coined as "*Missing White Woman Syndrome*." The term refers to the disproportionate media coverage given to missing white women compared to missing persons of other races, genders or socioeconomic backgrounds. Cases such as Gabby Petito's have dominated national headlines, sparking widespread online discourse and even amateur investigations. Meanwhile, countless missing Indigenous women, Black women and other marginalized individuals receive

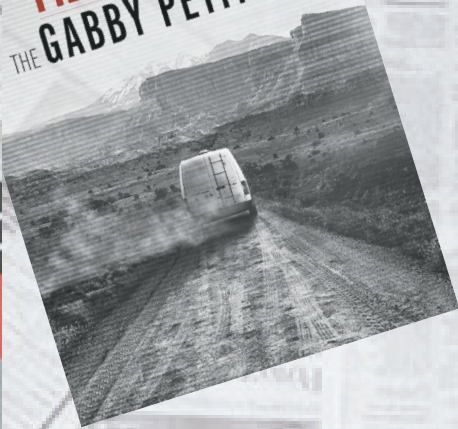
little to no coverage.

The media often constructs what sociologists call the "perfect victim." Colloquially, it is the "girl next door," someone who is young, conventionally attractive, often white and perceived as innocent. This archetype is easier to rally around. It fits into a narrative that audiences recognize and respond to. In contrast, victims who fall outside of this narrow framework tend to be depicted with more ambiguity or ignored altogether.

This phenomenon extends beyond missing persons cases into broader criminal reporting. Take a moment to think about the headline "Three University of Iowa wrestlers arrested; burglary charges pending." Now compare it to "Coralville police arrest four in burglary investigation." There is a clear bias in the depictions of the suspects in both cases. One serves to highlight their achievements, whereas the other defines them by their arrest. Headline phrasing has the power to humanize or



BEYOND the HEADLINES THE GABBY PETITO STORY



dehumanize its subjects. These linguistic choices are not neutral but rather work to actively shape how we perceive the worthiness of a story. When we take a closer look at this pattern in the media and the races of those that are involved, we can see this isn't just a one-off issue. This distinction is not coincidental; it is part of a larger, carefully constructed narrative.

Part of the answer lies in media economics. News outlets are, at the end of the day, businesses. Stories that generate clicks and prolonged engagement are prioritized. Sensational narratives that can be easily dramatized are more profitable. But profitability does not solely exist in a vacuum; rather, it is deeply intertwined with the audience's biases and expectations. Media organizations are responsible for both shaping and responding to public interest, which can create a feedback loop that reinforces existing inequalities.

In the presence of sensationalized news stories, entire crises can remain underreported. Ongoing humanitarian catastrophes, such as the War in Sudan, often struggle to gain sustained attention in Western media. These stories tend to lack the individualized and dramatized narratives that dominate the news

cycle despite affecting millions of lives. However, the absence of coverage does not show a lack of importance; rather, it reflects a lack of perceived marketability.

This begs the question: is media coverage driven by corporate interests or by public perception?

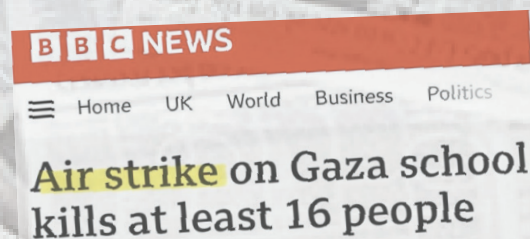
Truthfully, the answer is both. Media institutions operate within systems that reward engagement, while audiences, consciously or not, gravitate toward familiar narratives. Together, they collaborate to create a hierarchy of visibility, where some lives are deemed more "newsworthy" than others.

However, this does not mean the system is unchangeable.

The first defense against bias is recognition. Being aware of how stories are intentionally framed allows us to question the narratives served to us. It encourages us to look beyond the

headlines and to challenge the assumptions that are embedded within media coverage. As consumers of the news, it is important to remember that we are not passive. Every click and share contributes to what stories get amplified. If media coverage shapes public perception, public engagement has the power to reshape media priorities.

So the next time a story floods your feed, take a step back to read the headline and ask, "Why this one?" And more importantly, what stories are missing?



In Memoriam: Commemorating the Loss of Lives to ICE in 2026



Sampriti Padmanaban

She/Her

Sophomore

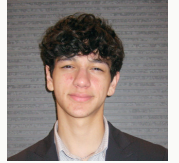
Public Health | Health Management | Healthcare Ethics

Elias Donohue

He/Him

Sophomore

Medical Science | Neuroscience | Biology | Health Care Ethics



"I mean, they say you die twice. One time when you stop breathing and a second time, a bit later on, when somebody says your name for the last time." - Banksy

This quote feels even more relevant in this time of increased militarization and dehumanization of individuals on the sole basis of their immigration status. ICE activity continues to increase across the country, contributing to the death of hundreds of individuals annually. Either through inhumane conditions in detention facilities, brutality against civil protestors or undisclosed causes, people are being indiscriminately killed for the crime of seeking a better life. These were people, with hopes and dreams of their own, whose inherent dignity had been stripped forcefully. Please take a moment with me to remember their names so that their lives may not be forgotten.

This past spring, SLU's Diversity and Leadership Cabinet sponsored a vigil to remember those whose lives have been taken by ICE brutality. Below is an excerpt from organizer Elias Donohue's call for remembrance.

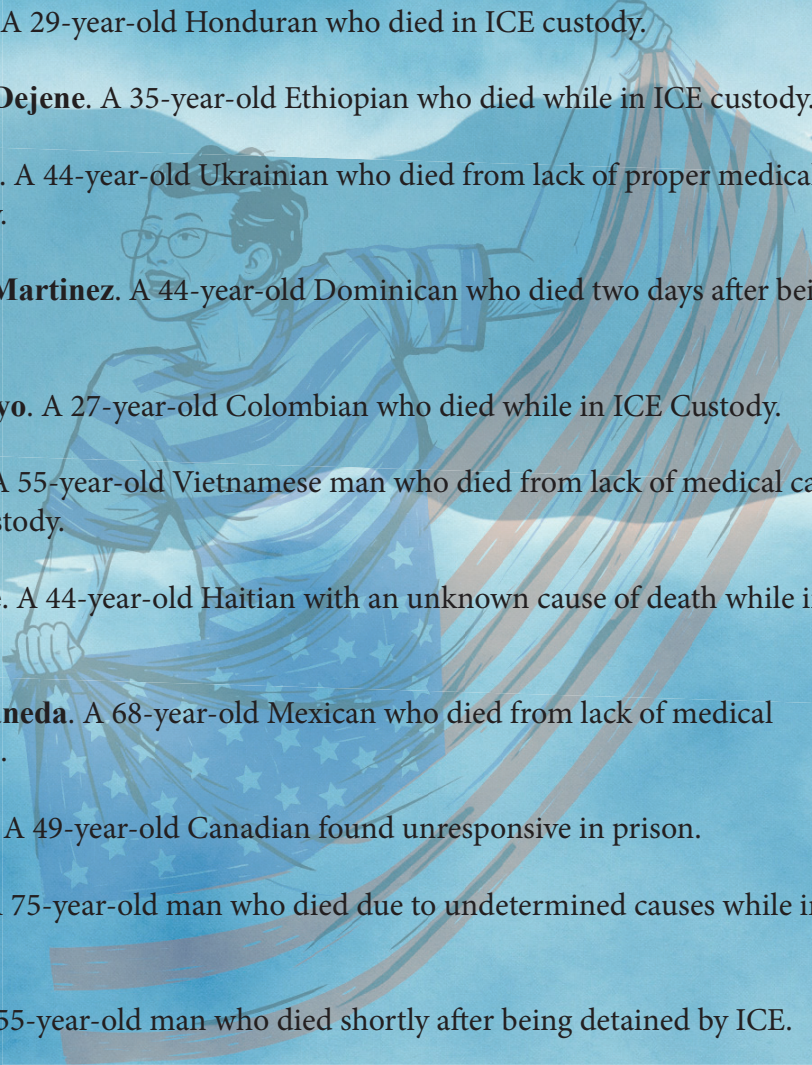
Alex Pretti. A 37-year-old ICU nurse who was recently fatally shot in Minneapolis. Day in and day out, Alex Pretti was working to save people. On and off the job, Pretti recognized the inherent dignity of every single person and used that recognition to help his community. An ICU nurse, dealing with the sickest of sick patients while on the clock and fighting for human rights off the clock.

Renee Good. A 37-year-old mother, who, when attempting to drive away from the scene, was fatally shot three times and denied potentially life-saving care.

These are the names you, perhaps, have heard, the names picked up by the mass media and Instagram influencers. But what about everyone else who has been harmed or harassed or whose dignity has been ignored at the hands of this agency?

Luis Gustavo Nunez Caceres. A 42-year-old Honduran immigrant who died from a fatal heart condition after a lack of medical care while imprisoned by ICE.

Geraldo Lunas Campos. A 55-year-old Cuban immigrant who died after being put in a chokehold and whose death was ruled a homicide while imprisoned by ICE.



Victor Manuel Diaz. A 36-year-old Nicaraguan immigrant who was found dead under mysterious circumstances while in ICE custody.

Parady La. A 46-year-old Cambodian immigrant who was found unresponsive and died from delayed care while in detention.

Luis Beltran Yanez Cruz. A 68-year-old Honduran immigrant who died after being imprisoned since November 2025.

Heber Sanchez Dominguez. A 34-year-old Mexican immigrant who died while in custody at an ICE detention facility.

The above are names from 2026. The following are the names from 2026.

Silverio Villegas Gonzalez. A 38-year-old Mexican immigrant who was shot and killed during a traffic stop on September 12th. A father of two, dead at the hands of ICE.

Isaias Sanchez Barboza. A 31-year-old Mexican man and father of 2, shot and killed by border patrol agents.

Genry Ruiz Guille. A 29-year-old Honduran who died in ICE custody.

Serawit Gezahegn Dejene. A 35-year-old Ethiopian who died while in ICE custody.

Maksym Chernyak. A 44-year-old Ukrainian who died from lack of proper medical care while in ICE custody.

Juan Alexis Tineo-Martinez. A 44-year-old Dominican who died two days after being detained by ICE.

Brayan Garzon Rayo. A 27-year-old Colombian who died while in ICE Custody.

Nhon Nguyen. A 55-year-old Vietnamese man who died from lack of medical care while in ICE Custody.

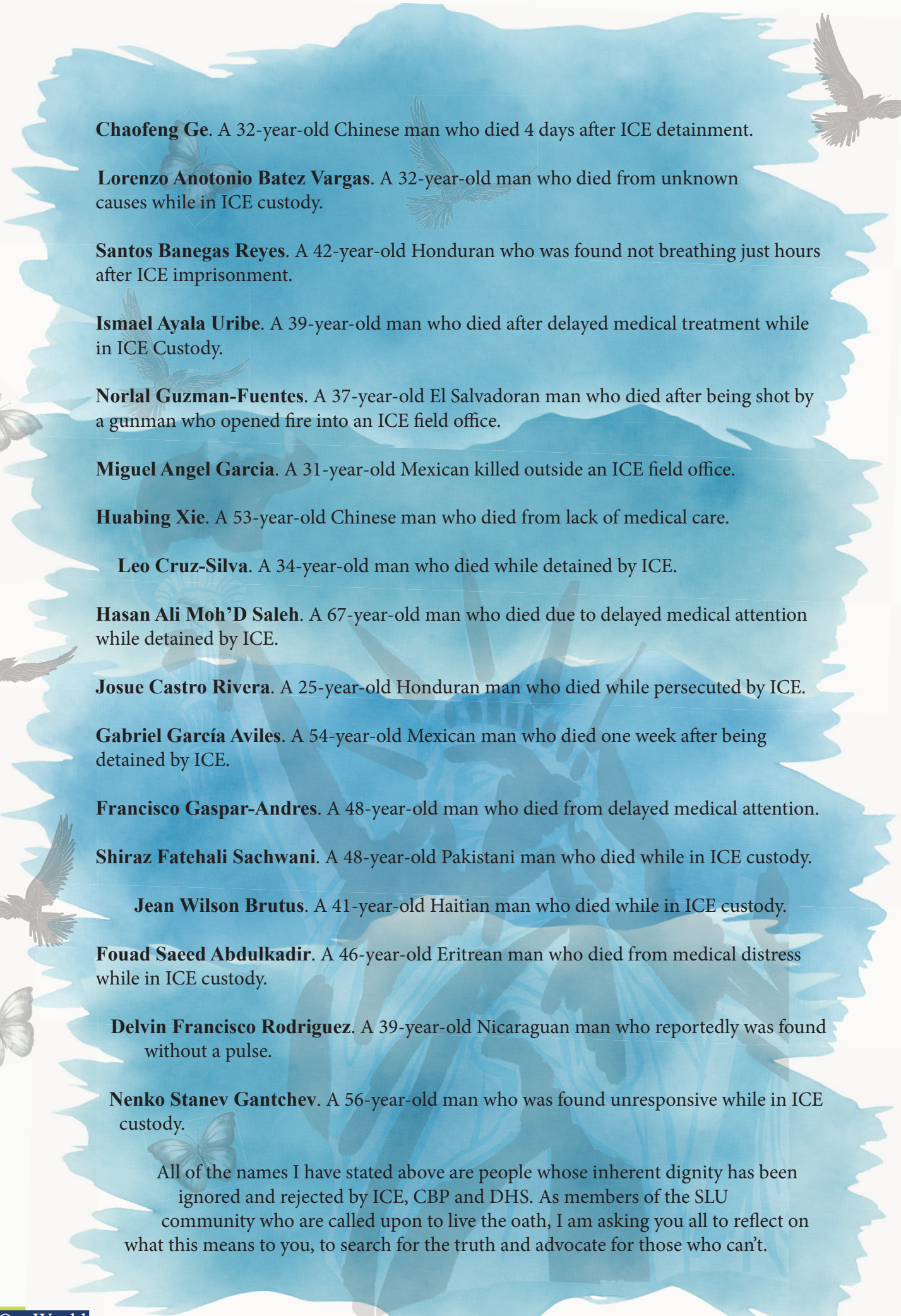
Marie Ange Blaise. A 44-year-old Haitian with an unknown cause of death while in ICE Custody.

Abelardo Avellaneda. A 68-year-old Mexican who died from lack of medical care while in ICE.

Johnny Noviello. A 49-year-old Canadian found unresponsive in prison.

Isidro Perez. A 75-year-old man who died due to undetermined causes while in prison.

Tien Phan. A 55-year-old man who died shortly after being detained by ICE.



Chaofeng Ge. A 32-year-old Chinese man who died 4 days after ICE detainment.

Lorenzo Anotonio Batez Vargas. A 32-year-old man who died from unknown causes while in ICE custody.

Santos Banegas Reyes. A 42-year-old Honduran who was found not breathing just hours after ICE imprisonment.

Ismael Ayala Uribe. A 39-year-old man who died after delayed medical treatment while in ICE Custody.

Norlal Guzman-Fuentes. A 37-year-old El Salvadoran man who died after being shot by a gunman who opened fire into an ICE field office.

Miguel Angel Garcia. A 31-year-old Mexican killed outside an ICE field office.

Huabing Xie. A 53-year-old Chinese man who died from lack of medical care.

Leo Cruz-Silva. A 34-year-old man who died while detained by ICE.

Hasan Ali Moh'D Saleh. A 67-year-old man who died due to delayed medical attention while detained by ICE.

Josue Castro Rivera. A 25-year-old Honduran man who died while persecuted by ICE.

Gabriel García Aviles. A 54-year-old Mexican man who died one week after being detained by ICE.

Francisco Gaspar-Andres. A 48-year-old man who died from delayed medical attention.

Shiraz Fatehali Sachwani. A 48-year-old Pakistani man who died while in ICE custody.

Jean Wilson Brutus. A 41-year-old Haitian man who died while in ICE custody.

Fouad Saeed Abdulkadir. A 46-year-old Eritrean man who died from medical distress while in ICE custody.

Delvin Francisco Rodriguez. A 39-year-old Nicaraguan man who reportedly was found without a pulse.

Nenko Stanev Gantchev. A 56-year-old man who was found unresponsive while in ICE custody.

All of the names I have stated above are people whose inherent dignity has been ignored and rejected by ICE, CBP and DHS. As members of the SLU community who are called upon to live the oath, I am asking you all to reflect on what this means to you, to search for the truth and advocate for those who can't.

Fiction



*“At the end of the day, we must
go forward with hope and not
backward by fear and division.”*

~ Jesse Jackson



The Space Between Seasons

Finding the Way Back to Me

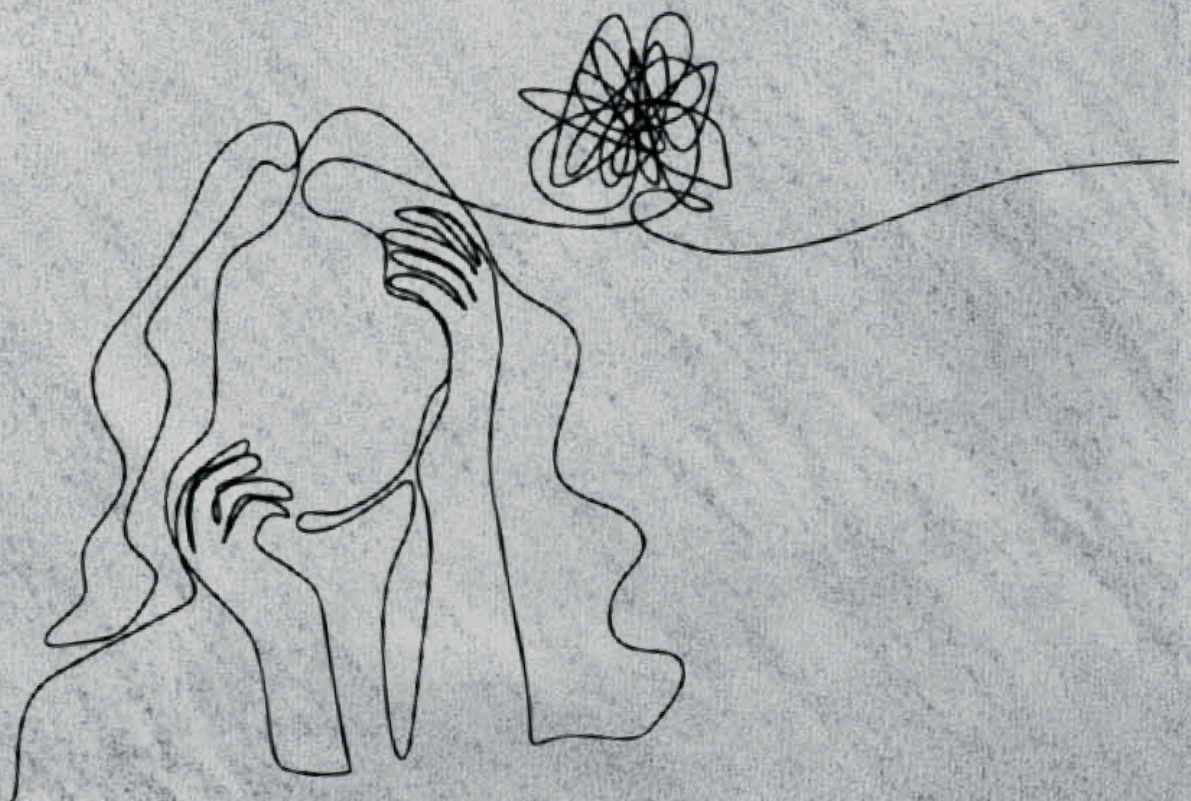
Elina Reed

She/Her
Junior

Elementary Education | American Studies



This piece explores depression through an intimate, internal lens, drawing from personal experience to portray its impact on self-esteem, daily functioning and identity. Through Racheal's journey, I highlight how depression can distort self-perception and make even simple tasks feel overwhelming, while also emphasizing the loss of interest in once-loved activities. At the same time, this narrative serves as a reminder that those experiencing depression are not alone and that their feelings are valid and shared by others. By advocating for awareness and understanding, the piece encourages empathy and reinforces the importance of reflection, self-distancing and small, meaningful acts of reconnection as steps toward healing.



Everything is dark. When I roll over and glance at the alarm clock, I notice that it is 1:00 p.m. in the afternoon. It's not as if the alarm clock would let me forget, with its big, glowing numbers taunting me from my nightstand. It seems as if all I can do anymore is sleep. At least it is a Saturday, and sleeping in is not looked down upon, as it is the typical way a teenager kicks off their weekend. My bedroom is my only sense of comfort. The darkness is welcoming, and it envelops me. Here in my room, I do not have to put on a happy face, nor do I have to be subject to answering the probing questions of concerned family members who simply ask, "How are you doing?" to which, I mask behind a nice smile and a cheery response of, "I'm fine." None of them seem to ask the questions that would begin to peel away the mask that I wear. You'd never believe how easy it is to convince others that I'm doing well, despite all of the obvious signs that I am not.

Slowly, I sit up and turn on the lamp that sits on my nightstand. The light shines, showing all that was hidden in the dark. The piles of laundry, the precarious stack of unclean dishes, and the unfinished projects strewn about. The disarray only adds to the clutteredness of my thoughts. I no longer have the capacity to be who it is that I once was. When looking at me, individuals may still see her reflected in me, a once nearly perfect and academically gifted individual. However, when I look in the mirror, I no longer see her. I only see a ghost. A sudden noise brings me back to reality. It's the noise of a text notification coming through on my phone. The noise no longer excites me as it simply represents the things I no longer find joy in. My phone buzzes beside me. It's a text from my best friend, Amanda.

Amanda: “Hey! Want to hang out tomorrow? We could finally go to the pumpkin patch!”

I stare at the message for a while, the little gray bubbles ridiculing me. We’ve been talking about going for weeks. Unfortunately, I’m finally out of excuses. I really do want to go, but the thought of actually being around others makes my stomach begin to work its way into knots. I sigh. Type. Delete. Type. Delete. I stare at the empty text box, wishing it could answer for me. My chest is starting to feel too tight. Finally, I decided I should just go for it.

Me: “Yeah, sure. That sounds fun!” The reply bubble pops up almost instantly.

Amanda: “Yay! I was hoping you’d say yes! Does 3:00 p.m. work?”

Me: “3:00 p.m. works for me.”

Amanda: “Perfect! Can’t wait to see you! :)” I set my phone down and glanced at the clock. It’s only 1:30. It’s been only thirty minutes since I woke up. It feels like it has been hours. The room is quiet, too quiet. I’m surprised my mom hasn’t come in to check on me yet. I decided it’s time to find something to wear. I think I might try to find something that’s still hung up in my closet, since the piles of clothes are overwhelming. As I stand in front of my closet, I stare at the clothes that were once extensions of me but now hang like strangers. I notice a pink knit sweater; it’s one I haven’t worn in months. It used to be my favorite. It was soft, comfortable, and flattering in a way that once gave me confidence. After trying it on, I look in the mirror and immediately decide it no longer suits me. The fabric clings uncomfortably, tighter than I remember, and the color is too cheerful. This shirt belongs to who I used to be, not who I am now. I tug at the hem, deciding if I should wear it or not. After some thought, I decide to wear it. Maybe if I wear it, I can borrow a piece of who I used to be, the one who didn’t have to think so hard about something as small as getting dressed.

Back then, clothes were an afterthought. Now, even the simplest choices feel like decisions that carry the weight of who I used to be and who I no longer am. After getting ready, I take a breath and reach for my phone. The screen glares back at me, full of unread notifications, messages that I've been avoiding. Amanda's text sits at the top, the only one that has been read in a long time. I glance at the room one last time; the piles of laundry and the dim light have become both my refuge and my prison. The thought of leaving feels heavy, but maybe this time it will be different. I head downstairs to find that no one is home, no wonder everything seems quiet. I grab my keys and coat while heading towards the back door. The shirt feels a little uncomfortable, but maybe that's okay. Maybe today isn't meant to be about me feeling like myself again; maybe it's about trying to remember how.

The air outside feels colder than I expected. I pull my jacket tighter as I walk towards my car. As I start my car, I look around the neighborhood. The neighborhood is quiet. When I finally turn the key, the engine hums to life. I consider turning on the radio, but instead I drive in silence. As I drive, my mind drifts. I begin to think of all of the things I used to enjoy. The trees are beautiful. In a way, I feel as if I can relate to them, trying so hard to maintain their beauty, even when they're slowly dying. I take a deep breath as the sign comes into view. In beautifully scripted letters, the sign reads, "Cedar Lane Pumpkin Patch." The parking lot is crowded with families piling out of minivans and kids running around with excitement. I park my car and turn off the engine. For a second, I simply sit, letting the nerves settle as I prepare to meet Amanda at the entrance. With an exhale, I open the door and step out onto the pavement.

As I approach the entrance, I notice Amanda. As soon as she spots me, she rushes towards me, her boots crunching loudly on the gravel. She immediately wraps both of her arms around me, pulling me into a warm and comforting hug. After pulling away from the hug, she enthusiastically points towards the corn maze and a nearby booth. “Come on, Racheal, they’ve got apple cider doughnuts this year and a corn maze in the shape of a cat!”

I can’t help but smile at this. “A cat?”

“Right? It’s totally ridiculous. We’re absolutely doing it!” Amanda links arms with me, and we begin to walk towards the booth where the apple cider doughnuts are being sold. For a moment, I let Amanda pull me along, her bright personality makes my world seem, well, not so dark. It is at this moment that I realize how much I’ve missed our friendship. Here she is, welcoming me with open arms even though I have left her on read for days at a time and made numerous excuses to avoid hanging out with her. It’s not because I dislike her. It’s because it’s hard to be close to anyone when it’s hard enough to keep going. As we wander through the pumpkin patch, our boots crunch on the gravel. “Remember a few years ago when we got lost in the corn maze for, like, an hour?”

At this, I laugh softly. “You mean when you insisted we didn’t need a map?”

“Hey! We found our way out eventually,” Amanda exclaims.

“You always do.” The words fall out of my mouth before I can stop them. She can always find a way out, even when I’m unable to. As we walk, Amanda’s voice weaves in and out of the sounds around us: leaves rustling, children laughing, and a family yelling “pumpkins” as they gather together to take a photo. As she talks, I nod along. At some point, we wander over to buy apple cider doughnuts. With our doughnuts in hand, we walk over to the nearest hay bales and sit down, observing the families load pumpkins into their cars. The sun begins to set, casting a warm, golden glow over everything

in view.

The sound of Amanda's voice breaks through the surrounding noise, "You okay?" Her tone is light, but her eyes are searching for the truth. I pause before answering, noticing that the air is colder now. I can see my breath when I exhale. I'm not sure how I should respond. Amanda's eyes linger for a moment longer. Do I tell her the truth, or do I lie and say, "I'm fine?"

"I think so," I say even though I'm not sure if I believe that myself. She smiles like she believes me.

Amanda responds, "I'm glad to hear that, Racheal. I am so happy that we are spending time together. I've missed you so much." I look down at the apple cider doughnut and notice the way the sugar and spices are clinging to my fingertips. For a moment, everything is still. I want to tell her everything, but the words won't come.

All at once, responses flow through into my thoughts, yet all I can muster is a quiet, "Me too." Amanda smiles, satisfied with my answer. She then turns her attention back to those who are passing by. The air is crisp and smells of damp soil and dry hay. For the first time in a while, the air around me is no longer suffocating. I take a deep breath and let myself feel present.

Amanda nudges me. "We should carve pumpkins next weekend," she says, grinning.

I take a moment to look at her while deciding how I should respond. It would be nice to spend more time with her, and carving pumpkins isn't something I've done in years. It might be fun to do something I once enjoyed so much as a kid. Quietly, I say, "Yeah, I'd like that." With a quick glance in my direction, Amanda stands, reaching out her arm to help me up. I take her hand as she reaches out to help me stand. Once I'm standing, I brush the remaining sugar from the apple cider doughnut off my pants. The world still feels heavy, but it is not unbearable anymore. I have come to realize that I can count on Amanda. I begin to wonder if this is how I can begin to heal.

Healing cannot be accomplished with one big change, yet I can strive towards it, taking one step at a time. Amanda loops her arms through mine, and we head towards the parking lot.

Once we have reached our cars, Amanda turns to me, “Same time next weekend?”

I open my mouth to respond, no longer overthinking what it is that I am about to say, “Yeah, I’ll be looking forward to it.” She smiles and pulls me into a quick hug. “Drive safe,” I say to her as she walks off towards her car. Before she turns down the lane, she waves back at me. I stand there for a moment, watching her taillights disappear as her car gets farther and farther away. The air is slowly becoming quite chilly in preparation for nightfall; I slip my hands into my pockets and glance at the fading sunset. When I look at the sky, I become overwhelmed by its beauty. I decide it’s time to head towards my car. Once I am situated in the driver’s seat, I catch my reflection in the rearview mirror. The pink knit sweater still doesn’t quite look like who it is that I am, but maybe it doesn’t have to. It’s possible that it can be enough that I tried. For now, it can serve as a promise to myself to keep going and find the way back to myself in the process. As I start the engine, I let the radio play. This time, a soft song fills my ears, and I hum along. I rest my hands on the steering wheel and close my eyes for a moment. I’m still tired and unsure. I’m still learning how to be here, how to exist. Yet, I still showed up, not only for Amanda but also for myself. Of course I’ll still have days when I can’t get out of bed, and the darkness might try to creep its way back into my life. But for now, I am overwhelmed with emotions that I have suppressed for so long. The foremost one being hope. When the darkness comes back, maybe this time I can meet it with just a little bit more light.

The Seasons Between Us

Finding My Way Back to Her

Elina Reed

She/Her
Junior

Elementary Education | American Studies



In this narrative, I aimed to portray caregiving for someone with depression through a deeply personal perspective shaped by my own experiences. By modeling Amanda's character on my own emotional responses, I explored how caregiving becomes a quiet process of observation, where small, often invisible moments carry immense weight. I wanted to highlight the complexity of such relationships, showing how they can be both supportive and emotionally draining at the same time. Through Amanda's struggles, I illustrated how caregiving can strain mental health, while also offering a sense of purpose and connection. Ultimately, this piece reflects my effort to capture caregiving not just as a responsibility, but as a nuanced experience that is inherently meaningful.



I can always tell when something is wrong with Racheal by how quiet her house feels. Her street is perfectly ordinary. There are always kids on scooters, dogs barking behind their respective fences, and the low hum of her neighbor's lawn mower, but the moment I step into her foyer, the sounds shift. It feels like walking into a room where someone has just cried out. The air is still and heavy. It radiates a kind of silence you don't hear as much as you feel against your skin. When her mom texted me last month asking if I'd "check in on her if I had time," I didn't need her to explain. Racheal had already started slipping away, one unread message at a time. First, she took longer to respond. Then, her replies shrank into one-word answers. Finally, they stopped altogether. It's happened before, but never for this long. I found myself saving her old messages in a separate folder on my phone, as if having proof she had once been reachable. I thought it might help me make sense of the distance growing between us.

One Saturday, I couldn't take the waiting anymore. I drove to her house, the steering wheel cold under my palms, and the entire way there I kept imagining her room. All I could imagine was her curtains drawn, her blankets tangled, and the smell of stale air. Deep down, some part of me already knew what I'd find. When I knocked on her bedroom door, I heard her bed creak. That was the only noise I heard; there were no footsteps, no "one second," or movement toward me. The sound felt like a sigh in the bones of the house. After a minute that felt like forever, I let myself in. The smell hit first: unwashed laundry, stale air, and something faintly sweet. Maybe the sweetness was a candle that she'd forgotten to blow out on a day when she still made the effort. Not bad, just unmoving. Like the room had stopped breathing right along with her.

Peering through the darkness, I found her curled in bed, blankets pulled to her shoulders. Her hair was tied in a lopsided bun that looked like it had survived more than a few nights of tossing. The curtains were closed so tightly that the only light in the room came in thin, dusty slices around the edges.

“Hey,” I said softly.

She blinked slowly, as if surfacing from deep underwater. “Hey.”

I sat on the edge of the bed. The mattress dipped, and the shift seemed to unsettle her, like even my presence could tilt her off balance. There was an odd warmth that radiated from her, probably just the warmth from lying under blankets too long. I tried to open the window. The swollen frame resisted until I pushed harder, and it opened, letting in a breath of cool air. She winced at the sudden brightness.

“Too much?” I asked.

“A little.”

So I lowered the sash halfway. This was just enough for the air to move, but not enough to startle her. It always takes me a few minutes to adjust when I see her like this. Because this isn’t the Racheal I grew up with. She was once the girl who would shake me awake at 4 a.m. so we wouldn’t miss a meteor shower. That version of her was bright, unpredictable, and joyful in a way that made you feel that way too. But this Racheal looked like a sparkler after the flame had burned out, with its thin smoke rising from something still warm but no longer lit.

The thing no one explains about loving someone who is depressed is that time starts moving differently. You begin measuring the world in tiny, almost invisible units. Whether her tone sounds lighter today than yesterday. Whether she gets out of bed or not. Whether she leaves your text on delivered or actually responds. Whether she eats the food you bring or leaves it to go bad the next day. You become a collector of small data points. These “data points,” as I like to call them, consist of half-smiles, pauses, sighs, shifts in posture. Essentially, you celebrate the victories they don’t even know they’ve made.

So when I texted her about the pumpkin patch a week later, it wasn’t really an invitation. It was another data point. I expected silence, or maybe a vague “maybe next weekend.” When she replied almost immediately (*Yeah, sure. That sounds fun!*) I stared at my phone until the words blurred.

There was a warm relief that spread throughout my chest. Followed, almost instantly, by a nagging sense of worry. *Will she really come? Is she saying yes out of guilt? Will she cancel?* But she came. She was standing near the entrance when I arrived, arms wrapped around herself, shoulders curved inward as if she were trying to make herself appear smaller. The sun hit her pink sweater, the one she used to wear all the time, and it looked almost too bright.

“Racheal!” I called, the relief cracking through my voice.

When she hugged me, she was stiff at first, and then she slowly softened. She smelled faintly of detergent from the big orange bottle her mom always buys. Her hands, when they brushed my arm, were colder than the wind should’ve made them.

“You made it,” I whispered.

“Yeah. I guess I did.”

We walked together, our boots crunching on the gravel. When she laughed, genuinely and with ease, at the cat-shaped corn maze, something in me loosened. The sound was rusty but real. It’s in moments like these that I always have to remind myself that healing isn’t linear. Even at the pumpkin patch, I felt her energy dipping in subtle waves. Her steps slowed. Her eyes were unfocused. She twisted her sweater sleeves between her fingers, fidgeting like she needed something solid to tether herself to. When we sat on hay bales, she stared at her cinnamon doughnut without bringing it to her mouth. Sugar stuck to her fingertips.

“You okay?” I asked. She didn’t answer right away. Her breath fogged in the cold.

“I think so,” she finally said.

But her eyes said something different. Her eyes looked at me as if they weren’t sure anymore. It reminded me of a person staring at the front door of a house they used to live in, trying to figure out if their key still works.

Sometimes, in moments like this when she drifts off, I’m not sure she can still

hear me. I find myself thinking about that night we camped in her backyard when we were fourteen. Before any of this. Before the heaviness, before the sadness, before I learned to measure her well-being by the tone in her voice.

We slept in a cheap dome tent that sagged on one side because we never figured out the poles properly. She refused to bring a flashlight. "The moon's basically a giant lamp," she said, and I followed her into the dark like I always did, trying not to trip over the extension cord her dad forgot to coil up. Inside of the tent, the whole world felt soft. There was damp grass beneath us, the night humming around us, and the scent of her perfume lingering in the air. She was telling me about her crush on the lifeguard and how she kept replaying a One Direction song until her sister threatened to break her iPod. Now, this was the kind of stuff that felt like a life-or-death situation at fourteen. When raccoons rustled by the fence, she pressed her arm into mine, whispering, "Don't move, they'll hear us." As she said this, I felt something unsaid pass between us. After the laughter faded and the quiet came back, she murmured, almost to herself, "I like it better when you're here." This wasn't something she elaborated on, just a truth she didn't know I'd carry with me for years. I didn't know then that one day I'd cling to that memory like a lifeline. That it would serve as proof that she once reached for me without hesitation, proof that the person she is now isn't the whole story, proof that somewhere inside all this fog is the girl who meant those words.

Sitting next to her on that hay bale, I watched her stare at her doughnut like it was a problem she was supposed to solve, I felt that memory flicker. I like it better when you're here. Deep down, I wondered if she still felt that way, if she even still could. But, like always, I stayed right by her side because loving someone who is suffering means learning to hold onto the fragmented pieces of them. I would never say this to anyone, especially Racheal, but carrying someone else's hope is heavy. There are some days that I worry about her so much I can't focus in class. I will reread the same lines in my textbooks until they dissolve into nonsense. My homework is routinely

late. My parents are always asking why it is that I'm exhausted all of the time. My boyfriend broke up with me because I "always seemed distracted." I didn't tell him the distraction had a name. It would have felt like reducing Racheal to a problem when she is more than that. The expenses add up in ways no one warns you about. There are numerous coffee runs, gas station stops for unplanned drives, and work shifts I choose to skip because she finally texted me back and I don't want to miss a moment when she's willing to talk.

Some nights, I lie in bed imagining her room. There is so much stillness, darkness, and the curtains are always pulled shut. Then, I will picture her curled under her blanket, unreachable, and something seems to get caught in my throat. But then, there are days like today. Days when she says yes instead of no. Days when she melts into a hug instead of shying away. Days when she laughs, even if the sound is faint. Days when she watches the sunset turn the sky pink, and when I ask if she wants to carve pumpkins next weekend, she says softly, "Yeah, I'd like that."

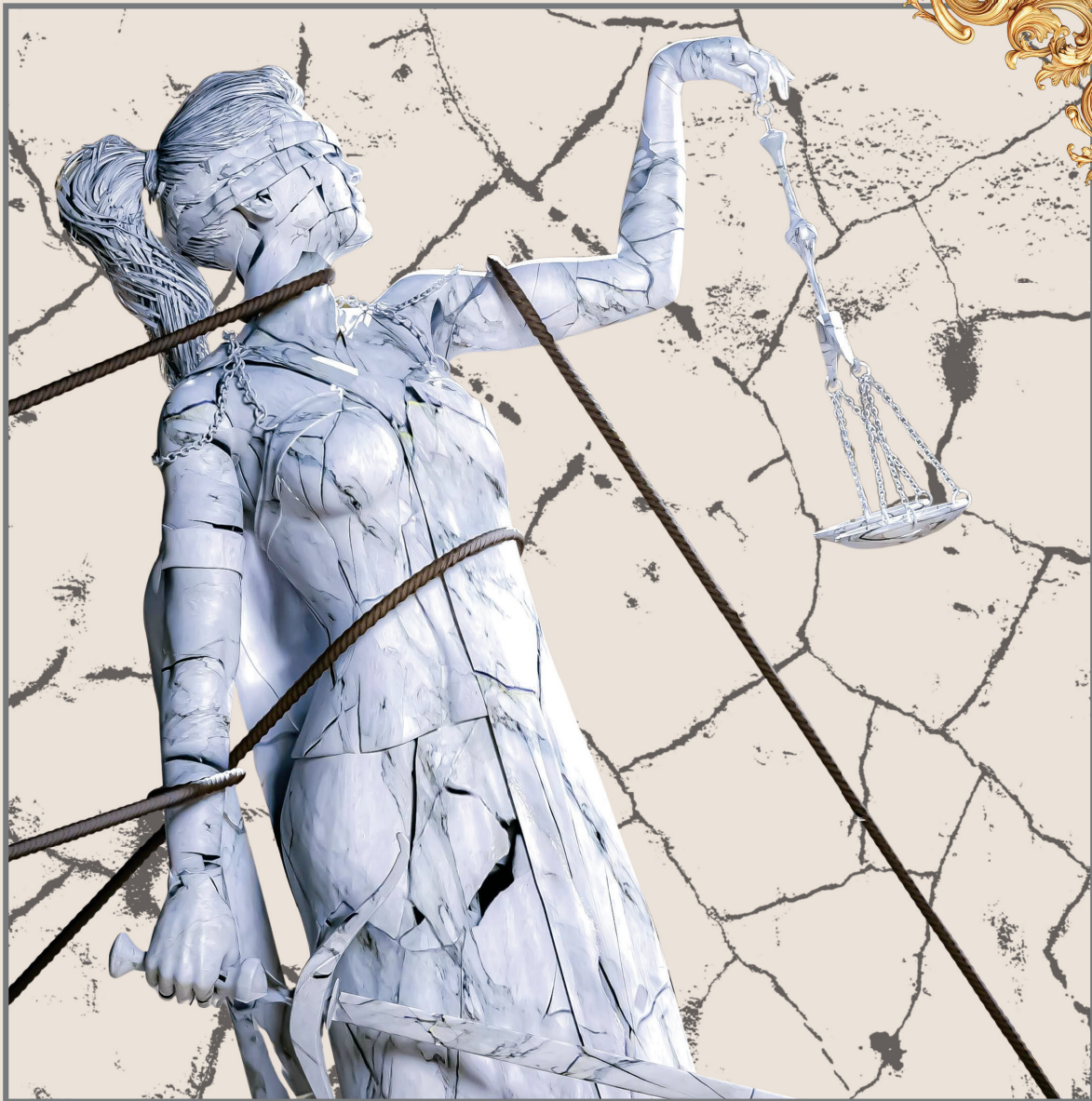
After she drove away, I stood beside my car for a long while, letting the cold bite at my cheeks. The smell of hay and cinnamon lingered in the air. I felt tired but also strangely light, as if some small part of the weight I've been carrying had lifted. Hope isn't always shining brightly like a watchtower in the night; sometimes it's like a faint glow in the dark. It reminds me of the dim green numbers on her alarm clock the morning I first walked into her room. It's small but steady enough to see by. Steady enough to keep going. Steady enough to believe she might be finding her way back. And until she does, I'll keep showing up as I am because that's what you do when you love someone who's learning how to breathe again.

Poetry



“We live in capitalism. Its power seems inescapable. So did the divine right of kings. Any human power can be resisted and changed by human beings. Resistance and change often begin in art, and very often in our art, the art of words.”

~ Ursula K. Le Guin



Hope, Anyway.



Alexandra Ogarrio Santiago

She/Her

Senior

Environmental Science | Anthropology

I wrote this poem while wrestling with the tension between realism and pessimism, between wanting to stay informed about the world and feeling overwhelmed by the weight of it. It came from the anxiety of realizing how complicated this world has become, how every action seems to carry hidden costs, and how easy it is to slip from awareness into helplessness. I wanted to explore that feeling honestly, without pretending the world is simple or easy. But more than anything, I wanted to end somewhere meaningful, to remind myself that hope is not blind optimism, but a conscious choice to keep caring, even when the future feels uncertain.

Some days
The world feels helpless.
Sirens in the distance,
Headlines like open wounds,
Oceans rising without asking permission.

Some days
I feel helpless too.
Hands too small
To hold back the breaking.
Shoulders too weak
To hold the weight of the world.

The line between helpless and hopeless
Is now blurry.
To say the words softly:
Helpless...hopeless...
Is like a door clicking shut.

The forests burn.
The children march.
The sky is tired of carrying our smoke and cries for help.
We scroll and scroll and scroll
Until our thumbs are helpless,
Until our hearts are hopeless,
Until the weight of it all
Presses against our ribs.

There is a kind of exhaustion
That whispers:
What is the point?
What can one person do?
What can one quiet voice change
In a world is so loud?

That is the language of helpless.
That is the grammar of hopeless.

But there is another language.
Quieter, stubborn,
Rooted like a seed beneath an eternal winter.

It whispers:
Hope.

Not loud.
Not naive.
Just steady.
Waiting for a chance to grow into the sunlight.

Hope in the hands that plant trees
Whose shade they will never sit under.
Hope in the voices that tremble
But speak anyway.
Hope in the choosing,
Again and again,
To care.

Because to be helpless
Is not the same
As doing nothing.

Because to feel hopeless
Is not the same
As being without hope.

Hope is not the denial of darkness.
It is the decision
to light a match anyway.

The world may feel helpless,
But we are not only that.
The future may look hopeless,
But it is not finished yet.

As long as we try
To love louder,
To act kinder,
To mend what we can reach,
We are not defeated.

We lose the battle
Only when we let go of hope.
Only when hopeless becomes a home. Only when
helpless becomes an excuse.

So let the word return,
Hope,
Hope,
Hope...

A pulse beneath the noise,
A rhythm in tired chests,
A refusal.

The world may tremble.
We may tremble.

But as long as we are not losing hope,
We are not losing.

And as long as we are not losing hope,
We are never
Truly
Helpless,
Never entirely
Hopeless,
Because hope
Is already
Beginning again.



Why even make art anymore? AI can do it!



Amber Dantzler

She/Her

Freshman

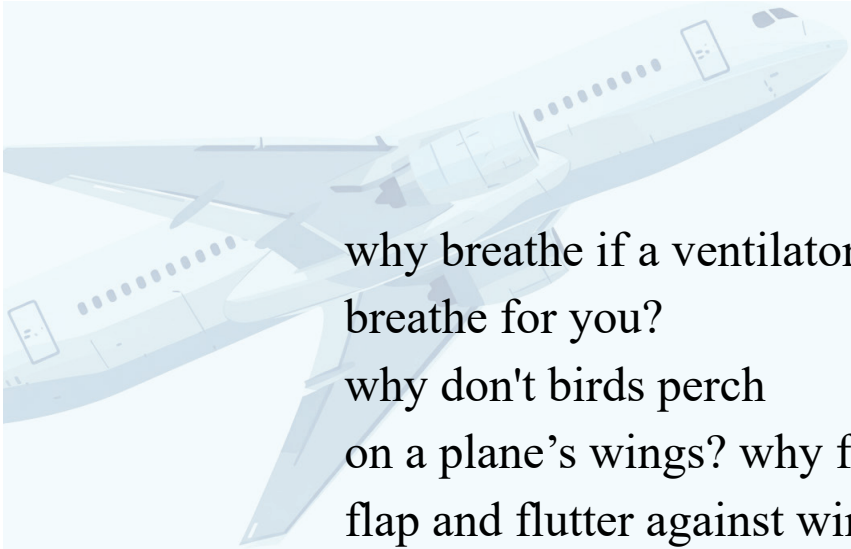
Chemistry | English | Film and Media Studies

What is art? Why do we make art? All questions that used to be relegated to the philosophy student's Word documents. Now, they feel like questions everyone's been asking themselves since the advertisements at this year's Bad Bunny concert (aka "The Big Game") were almost 25% AI content.

When I've asked myself this question, the answer has always escaped me—maybe I should take one of those philosophy classes. But I know, at the very least, that AI can never do what humans do best: make futile art, unnecessary art, stupid art.

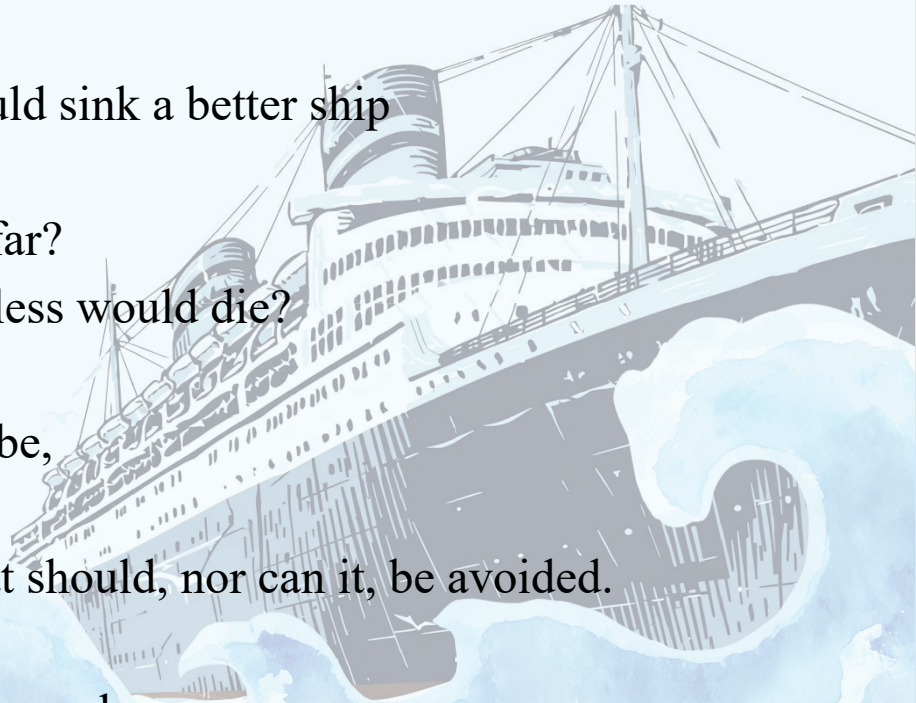
AI does the best it can. Every time it tries to appease its user, whatever prompt you feed it, it will always search for approval, but we don't do that. As humans, we sometimes do the opposite, we do things out of spite, we do things because we hate them, we do things to prove a point, or disprove a point. My favorite example of this is the way we have conquered our environmental fate. We are not supposed to be creatures of the sky or sea, and yet we fly and dive every day.

And I think that's why we need to keep making art, whether AI also tries to or not, because it can never do quite what we do, and I think that's something we should all be proud of.



why breathe if a ventilator can
breathe for you?
why don't birds perch
on a plane's wings? why fight,
flap and flutter against winds like tides,
against the crude raft of a desperate, stranded
survivor?

the Titanic was built by man and fell by
his hubris.



maybe machines could sink a better ship
but sink still it will.
but! how fast? how far?
maybe, just maybe, less would die?

Or, maybe, just maybe,
none would die.
But death is not what should, nor can it, be avoided.

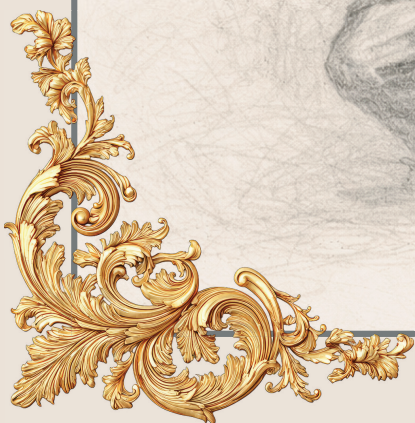
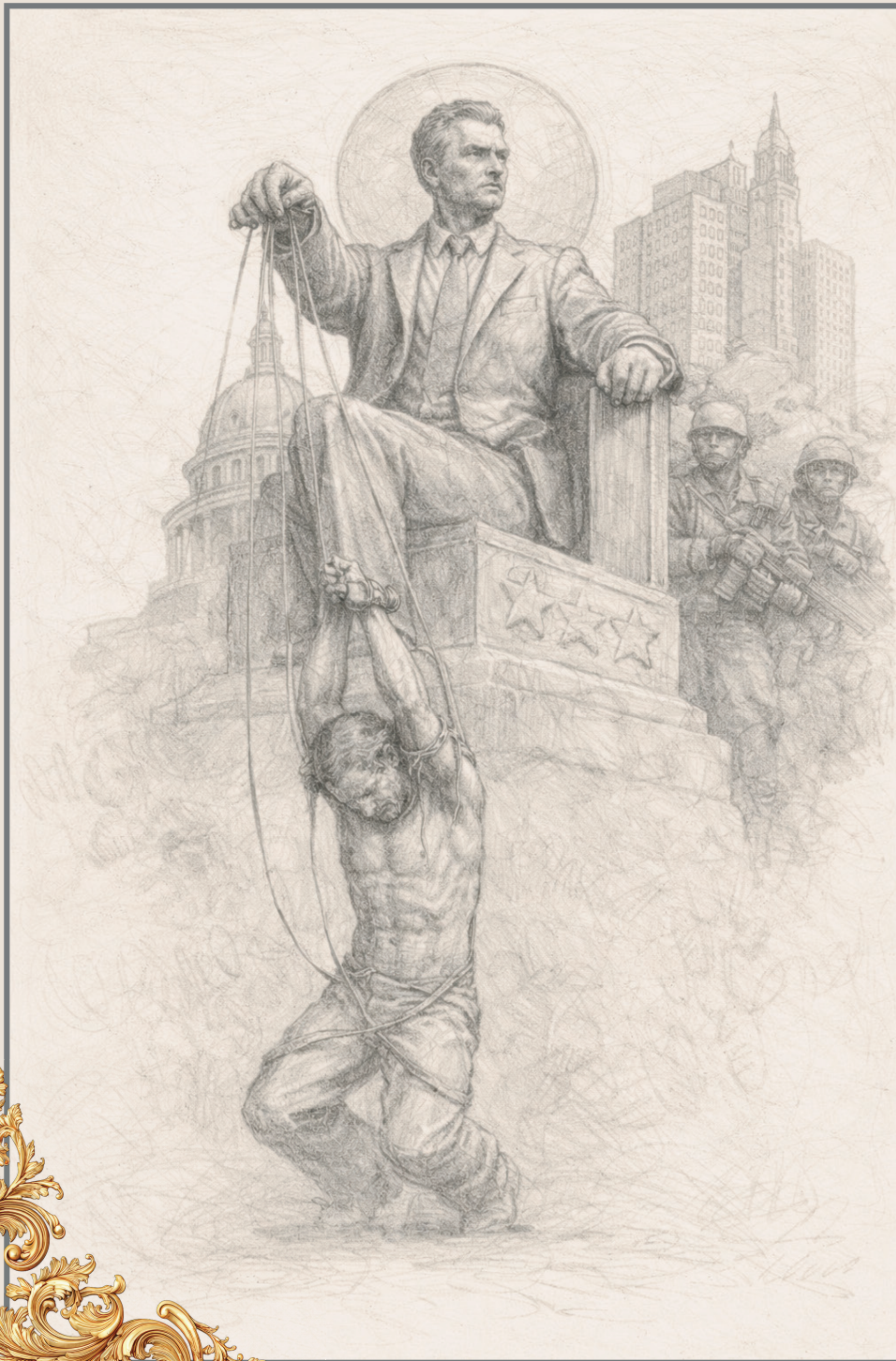
But a world without people
who dream of that shakeable, unshakeable stern
with all the glitter and marvel of gods
in their eyes:
belief that they could make it.

Photography



*“To love ourselves and support
each other in the face of
oppression is an act of political
warfare.”*

~ Audre Lorde



ICE Victim Vigil



Jude Thomas

He/Him

Sophomore

Health Sciences | Chemistry | Health Information Management

Katie Egelhoff

She/They

Junior

History | American Studies



Sampriti Padmanaban

She/Her

Sophomore

Public Health | Health Management | Healthcare Ethics

In mourning, we remember
their humanity. In memory,
we seek justice.





Photo by: Jude Thomas

Photo by: Katie Egelhoff



Photo by: Katie Egelhoff



Photo by: Katie Egelhoff





Photo by: Jude Thomas



Photo by: Sampriti Padmanaban

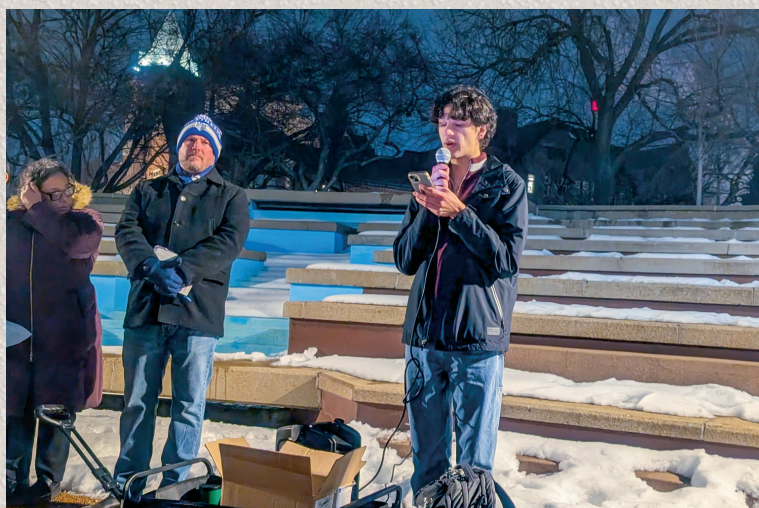
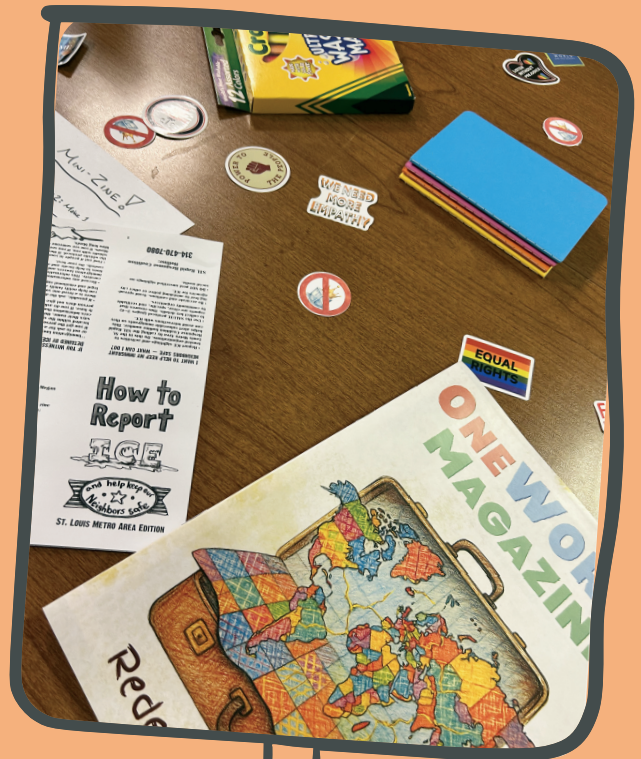


Photo by: Jude Thomas

no ICE

no Kings!!

Political Writing Event





Resistance Speaks

“The true focus of revolutionary change is never merely the oppressive situations that we seek to escape, but that piece of the oppressor which is planted deep within each of us.”

~ Audre Lorde

“If the bombs feel far away, press your ear to the ground. The whole earth cries for justice.”

“Rest will never feel urgent of those who don’t understand the violence of exhaustion. In a world that uses the body as currency, rest is a sacred defiance. A reminder that ***we will not be owned.***”

~ Cole Arthur Riley

“To love ourselves and support each other ***in the face of oppression*** is an act of political warfare.”

~ Audre Lorde

“The People should never rise, without doing something to be remembered — something notable and striking.”

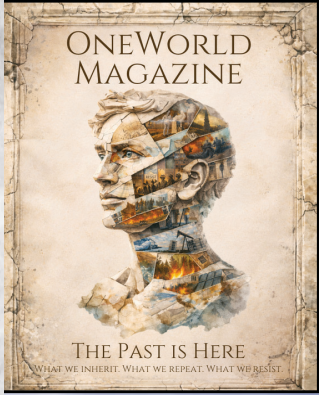
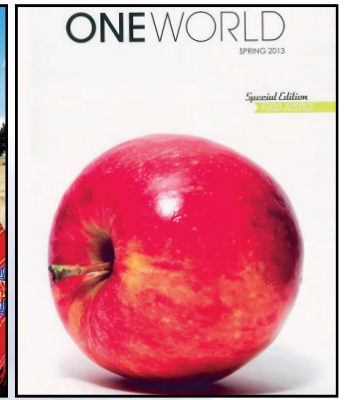
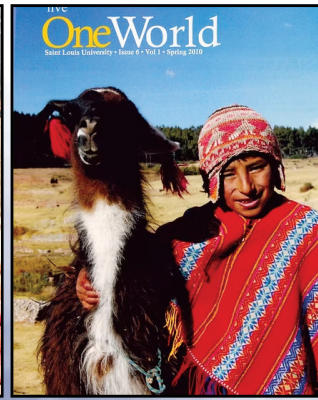
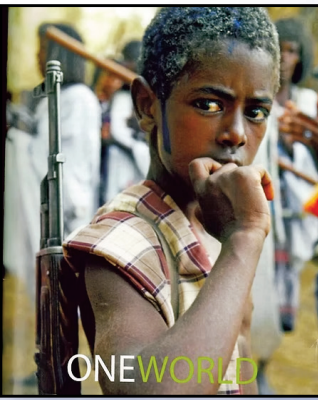
~ President and Founding Father John Adams

“The world hates change, yet it is the only thing that has brought progress.”

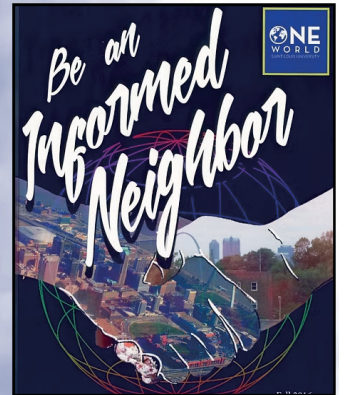
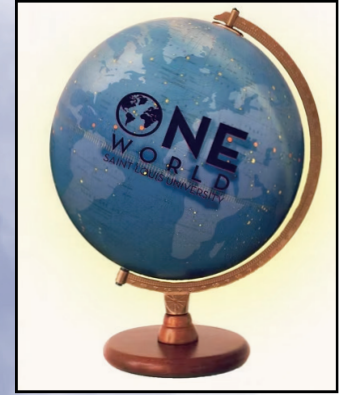
~ Charles Kettering

“Alone we are one, but together we are many.”

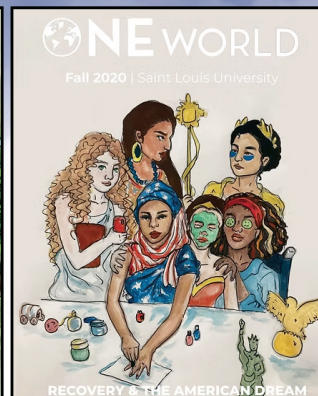
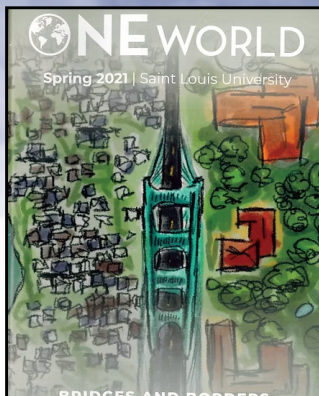
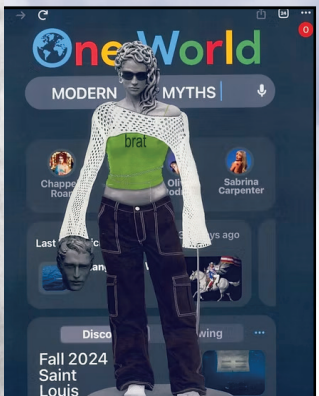




20 Years of



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"If there is a book you want to read, but it
hasn't been written yet, then you must write it."
- Audre Lorde



Protest Guidelines & Tips

This is a highly condensed summary sheet from “We Keep Us Safe: One World x CSA Protest Safety Workshop.” It is not all-encompassing. The below was sourced from NRDC, NLG, ACLU, Wired and FIRE. Visit those sources for more detailed information.

Preparing for a Protest:

1. Protect your identity: cover identifiable tattoos or scars. You may choose to wear a mask. Wear nondescript clothing.
2. Write down the following numbers, either on a separate piece of paper or on your body.
 - a. STL Jail Support (or your local jails support): (314) 312 - 0836
 - b. Legal council or an attorney. Several law firms offer pro bono representation for arrested protesters. Research the firms in your area.
 - c. Emergency contact. They should know your full legal name, DOB, any medical needs, and your whereabouts before a protest. They should not be at the protest.
3. Always research the demonstration. Who are the organizers? Is the route available? Where are the exits?
4. Secure your device or use an alternative device. Disable biometric passwords such as face ID and fingerprint.
5. Bring: Cash, ID, a few days' worth of essential medications and water, and a buddy. Do not wear contact lenses. Dress appropriately for the weather.

At a Demonstration:

1. Stay vigilant. Always know where your buddy is. Always know where the exits are. Listen to the organizers and any staff they have. They are usually identifiable through vests/other apparel.
2. Do not connect to any local WiFi or turn your data on (use Airplane Mode but research since some information may still be available in this mode).
3. KNOW YOUR RIGHTS! The following includes direct wording from the sources above.
 - a. Police need a warrant to search your phone. However, biometric passwords are an exception.
 - b. If police have reasonable suspicion that you are involved in or about to commit criminal activity, they can frisk your outer clothing to search for weapons.
 - c. Unless entering a secure area, police can only search bags if they have probable cause that it contains contraband, weapons or evidence of illegal activity.
 - d. When you are lawfully present in any public space, you have the right to photograph anything in plain view, including federal buildings and the police. (On private property, the owner may set rules about photography or video). If you take photos or videos, do so while your phone is locked.
 - e. Police may not break up a gathering unless there is a clear and present danger of riot, disorder, interference with traffic, or other immediate threat to public safety. If officers issue a dispersal order, they must provide a reasonable opportunity to comply, including sufficient time and a clear, unobstructed exit path. You must obey such an order or risk arrest.
 - f. The First Amendment broadly protects speech, including controversial viewpoints and criticism of virtually anything, including government officials, but there are limits. You can be arrested for encouraging “imminent” violence or other immediate illegal activities that threaten harm to people or property. Violence or property destruction (i.e., criminal activity) does not become constitutional simply because you do it while expressing a political message.



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We yearn to remove the barriers of ignorance and injustice, because the most basic and unchanging truth that unites us is the infinite value of the human person. OneWorld emphasizes this unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action and transforming our hearts, minds and society.

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